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For the Southern Cabinet.

## NOTES ON EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE,

BY A CHARLESTONIAN.

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### THE ROOT CROP.

THE doctrine of the necessity of a rotation of crops, has been gradually gaining on the minds of the European agriculturists for the last fifty years, but like all other innovations on the old system, its progress was very slow, till within the last few years. For a long time it was thought necessary to suffer the land to rest every fourth year—consequently, under the most favourable circumstances, only three-fourths of the land was at any time under cultivation. In process of time it was discovered that the root crop, such as potatoes, turnips, ruta бага, carrots, &c., nearly all of which were gathered before their seeds were matured, were less exhausting to the land than the cereal grains; that the turnip crop, especially, extracted much of its nutriment from the atmosphere. Its broad, porous leaves, which are the lungs of the plant, serving at the same time to shade the earth and mellow the soil. By substituting these crops a year was gained, and thus the land produced an annual harvest either of hay, grain, or roots.

The greatest improvements within the last thirty years in the husbandry of a portion of Europe, in which we may include Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Wirtemberg, and Baden, may be traced to the cultivation of the root crop, particularly the turnip. By this means the sheep and horned cattle have doubled in number, and the improvement in the stock are nearly in the same ratio.

*Irish Potatoes.*—(*Solanum tuberosum*.) The varieties of Irish potatoe cultivated in Europe are immense. I observed in an English catalogue one hundred and forty-six kinds advertised for sale, and there was an omission of at least fifty varieties cultivated in America and on the continent of Europe. It should be observed, that in Europe as well as in America there are kinds of the potatoe adapted to every variety of soil and climate. There are particular districts in England where the soil is very favourable to one or two varieties, and wholly unsuited to others which succeed well in other localities. In England the Irish potatoes are divided into six and sometimes seven classes. 1st. Earliest garden sorts adapted for forcing on account of their dwarf habit of growth. 2nd. Earliest garden potatoes not so well adapted for forcing

as the preceding on account of their taller habit of growth. 3rd. Second early garden potatoes. 4. Early field potatoes, the leaves and stems of which, under ordinary circumstances, are decayed by the time when they are usually taken up, and the tubers of which are then fit for use. Class 5th. Late field potatoes, the foliage of which in ordinary seasons, does not decay until injured by frost, and the tubers of which generally require to be kept some time before being fit for using to the greatest advantage. 6th. Late, large, prolific sorts, more particularly adapted for feeding cattle. 7. Late, unprolific, curious garden sorts.

All these varieties of the potatoe have originated from the same stock, and have been produced not from the potatoe itself but from the seeds growing on the vines planted in the vicinity of other varieties. It is well known that the potatoes being a mere shoot or offset from the original plant, will like an engrafting on a tree, always re-produce its own kind. It is also ascertained, that vegetables planted from bulbs, will, in the course of time, become less prolific than formerly, and that resort must again be had to seeds to produce new varieties. Thus, many varieties in Europe which were formerly much cultivated, and our red potatoe and English whites, which in America were once so highly prized, have had their day, and have given way to other sorts raised from seeds. It is the same in regard to fruits. Our Spitzenbergers, Greenings, Pippins, and other apples of the North, after successive generations of engrafting do not now bear as abundantly as formerly, and resort must again be had to kindred varieties produced by seed. It is doubtful, however, whether the maritime districts of Carolina are as well adapted to the raising of new varieties of the potatoe from seed as the more northern States. The bulbs require to be planted for one or two years before it is ascertained whether the variety thus produced from seed is worth cultivating. It is difficult on account of the heat and moisture of our climate to preserve the potatoe from rotting during summer and autumn. Hence, we are in nearly all cases dependent on our northern and middle States for our planting potatoes. It becomes, therefore, a matter of great importance to select such varieties as are known to be well adapted to our climate. I am inclined to think from my own experience, and that of several planters on the Neck, that the success of our potatoe crop depends in no small degree on the kind of potatoe which we plant. On one occasion I recollect having planted as an experiment in my garden, three kinds of potatoe in alternate rows. One variety produced an abundant crop of fine flavoured potatoes; in another the product was only moderate, whilst in the third I experienced almost a total failure.

At present I only feel warranted in recommending, from my own experience, one variety of potatoe which I have seen planted for the last seven or eight years with invariable success. It is called the Early Mercer potatoe. It may be distinguished by other names in particular districts of the North, but I believe it is generally known by the above name in the New-York markets. It is somewhat oblong in shape, a little flattened on the sides, yellowish white, and eyes of a pink-like colour. The flavour of this potatoe, which I have had an opportunity of testing within a few days past, appears to me to be equal to that of the finest varieties in Europe. Its product is also equal to that of any other country. As the cost of this is not greater than that of other inferior varieties, I strongly recommend a trial of it, to our planters. At

an agricultural meeting in England, which I attended, the Hopetoun early, was pronounced the most superior potatoe cultivated in England, and took the premium accordingly. The "Stafford Hall," or as it is sometimes called "Late Wellington potatoe," was found superior in specific gravity and quantity of starch contained in a given weight of tubers, to any other variety yet cultivated. A bushel of potatoes called the "Irish bumper," weighed from thirty to fifty ounces, each tuber, whilst six others of the variety called "Pink-eyed dairy maid," averaged sixty-eight ounces each.

The mode of culture does not differ materially from that of this country, except that the rows are planted a little nearer. They are in England in all cases planted in rows, and are richly supplied with coarse litter or manure. In France I found the potatoe crop very much neglected. The varieties cultivated were in general of inferior kinds, and the product was small. I did not visit Italy, but was informed that the potatoe was scarcely cultivated there at this time, its introduction having been obstinately resisted till 1817. In Germany potatoes were more abundant and of better flavour than those of France, but inferior to those of England. In Belgium, to my great surprise, I saw potatoes planted in extensive fields of from one hundred to five hundred acres in what may be termed broad-cast. The lands, as in all that country, were not ploughed but dug up with spades. The soil is very rich and seemed to have also been well manured. The potatoes had been inserted into the ground to the depth of six inches, a foot apart. On the 30th Sept. (which proved to be Sunday,) the Flemish peasants were digging in their potatoes for their masters. This was in the fields between Brussels and Antwerp. I inquired whether they were not allowed to rest one day in the week. They answered that they had gone to Mass early in the morning, and were now allowed to gather the potatoes for their winter supply, which they received at a certain price, and that they never tasted meat from the beginning to the end of the year. I must needs say that, although the terms were hard, and the fare coarse, the potatoes were good, and I nowhere saw a more abundant crop. They stated that they had gone through the fields once with a hoe, afterwards pulled out the weeds, and left the crop to manage for itself. It seemed as if the whole earth was swelled and cracked up with potatoes.

In our southern country the Irish potatoe crop appears to have been too much neglected, which may, in some respects, be ascribed to the trouble of annually importing the roots. This inconvenience is now in a great measure remedied by the facilities of commerce and the cheapness of the article. It is a very certain, and generally, an abundant crop. It affords wholesome food both for man and beast. In the northern States potatoes are boiled or steamed, and are essential ingredients to the fattening of hogs and horned cattle. They may be used on a plantation, and in our families, from April to July. They come in about the time when our sweet potatoes are on the decline, and may be used till the new crop of the latter begins to come in. That this is a nourishing food who can doubt after seeing the hardy race of Ireland, whose principal subsistence is on the potatoe. His pig goes to pay his "rint," but his "parates" feed himself, his children, and his pig.



## AGRICULTURAL SURVEY OF THE NEIGHBORHOODS OF SOCIETY HILL AND CHERAW.

BY THE EDITOR.

SINCE our last we have had the pleasure of visiting Society Hill and Cheraw. We left this place on the — of March, and intended to have made an extensive excursion—but, alas! we cannot control the course of events. We were absent near five weeks; and in that time might have seen much, but unfortunately, we had selected a rainy spell, and more than half of the time were confined to the house by unpleasant weather, or engaged in travelling. We, however, managed to visit some of the best plantations in the neighborhood of these places, and to them we propose principally confining our remarks, reserving the notes we have taken of other places, for some more suitable occasion. It would be highly gratifying to us could we always make a complete agricultural survey of the districts we visit. But to do so, more time would be required than we are able to spare, for unless properly and carefully done, more injury would arise than benefit. We are convinced that an agricultural survey of the State would be of immense benefit to the community, by showing the resources of the State, the various practices of the different sections, their capabilities of improvement, and the means for effecting it, &c.; but this is neither the proper place or time to discuss this subject—hereafter we propose to do so. Our time did not permit us to examine the county as extensively or minutely as we wished. We confine our remarks, therefore, entirely to the neighbourhoods of Society Hill and Cheraw.

### SOCIETY HILL.

This village is situated in the north-eastern corner of Darlington district, and almost equi-distant from Darlington, Cheraw and Bennettsville. It is two miles from the Great Pedee river, contains about two hundred white inhabitants, four or five stores, three churches—Episcopal, Baptist, and Methodist—a small tavern, black-smith and wagon shop, &c. These are exclusive of those on Col. Williams' plantation, which is in the immediate neighbourhood, and of which we shall hereafter give an account. The houses are principally built along the public road, but at such distances from each other and from the road, and so many are hid by trees, that from no one point can you see all of them. They are for the most part large, roomy, and well constructed. The lots are generally large (if lots we can call them, though perhaps farms or small plantations would be more appropriate for some.) The planters of all the neighbouring plantations live in the village and not on their plantations, which those who have not far to ride, visit every day—the others at stated periods. There is very little land in the immediate neighbourhood of Society Hill, suitable for cultivation, except on the river.

The lands lying between the village and river are, and for three miles below, all above inundation—from thence the embankments commence, which extend for a great distance down on both sides of the river.\* On the bluff of the river, opposite to Society Hill, is the site of the old

\* We do not find the distance mentioned in our notes, but if we recollect aright, it is at least fifteen miles.



town of Greenville (the first settlement made) at which place was formerly the court-house of old Cheraw district, embracing the present districts of Chesterfield, Darlington, and Marlborough.

#### CHERAW

Is fifteen miles above, about one hundred miles from the sea, situated on a high bluff, one hundred and fifty feet above and quarter of a mile from the river. It is at the head of navigation. The town was founded previous to the Revolution, under the name of Chatham, and during the war was occupied by each party. A very neat wooden church still exists, which was built previous to that event, and is quite conspicuous on riding into town. The streets are one hundred feet wide and laid off at right angles. The houses are neat, a few large, but generally they are small. The stores are, we believe, all on one street; at least, we do not recollect to have seen any, on any other street. They are all of a single story in height, wide, and of considerable depth. The lots are all large, and consequently the town occupies a considerable space, which in our warm climate should always be the case. There are Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches here, a town-hall with a market below, a bank, two hotels, &c.

We did not stop, but merely rode in with some friends, and through the various parts. We were much pleased with the neat appearance of the town. We could not ascertain either the number of inhabitants or houses. There is a considerable trade carried on here with the upper districts of this State, and the adjacent counties of North-Carolina. The cotton received here is sent to Georgetown, and from thence to New-York, with which city a direct trade is maintained. The first settlements made in this neighbourhood were by a colony of Welsh in 1734, under the pastoral charge of the Rev'd. Mr. Williams, the ancestor of Col. J. N. Williams.

*Climate*—Variable, partaking of the vicissitudes of our southern climate. The thermometer ranges from 21 to 95 deg's Far. Vegetation is supposed to be from two to three weeks later than at Charleston. Ice during the winter forms usually to the thickness of two inches.

*Surface*.—The lower part of Darlington is flat and level, the upper part rolling, with the exception of the swamps. In Chesterfield the lands are generally like the upper part of Darlington. *Marlborough* has a level surface, except near the North-Carolina line, where it is intersected by the chain of sand-hills which run through the State, dividing the flat, sandy lands, from the clayey, or oak and hickory.

*Soils*—Various. On the Swamps near the river it is alluvial mixed with Mica (forming what is called the isinglass lands) and very deep. Receding from the river, the soil is a light clayey loam, with some ridges of sand passing through; as you approach the high-lands the clay is more abundant. The high-lands are considerably elevated above the river swamps, the descent to which is in most places short and abrupt.

Receding from the swamp on the eastern side of the Great Pedee river, the first ridges are a fine chocolate coloured, light loam, highly adapted to the culture of cotton. The remainder, a light greyish loam also producing excellent crops of cotton, but not considered equal to last mentioned. On the western side, below Society Hill, the soil is for the most part sandy, partaking of the qualities of the grey loam. Above it is light, sandy, broken and barren. There are also large tracts of "Pine-barren."

**Water.**—The Great Peedee passes, as we have already noted, through this section of country, and is navigable up to Cheraw. In the upper part of Chesterfield and Marlborough, bordering on the sand-hills, the streams are large and abundant, sufficient to drive a large amount of machinery. Being short, they are not liable to freshets, and supplied by springs do not fail during summer. They are mostly occupied by saw and grist-mills.

**Minerals.**—Very few are to be found in the particular section we visited. We saw none but a few large quartz pebbles and some sandstone intermingled with iron ore. In the upper part of Chesterfield the Gold region commences; two mines are worked in that district, which are considered valuable. No marl has as yet been discovered in either of these districts; it exists, however, we were informed, about fifty miles lower down the river.

**Woods.**—In the *swamps* the growth consists of Red-oak, Walnut, Ash, Gum, Post-oak, Elm, Cotton-tree, Maple, Hickory. On the highlands, principally Pine intermixed with Dog-wood; Red-oak and Hickory on the better quality; Black-jack and Scrub-oak on the inferior.

**Property.**—With the exception of a few very large landed estates the property is rather equally divided, in moderate sized tracks. The plantations on the river average about a mile in breadth. The Pine lands are owned in large tracts, being considered of very little value.

**Implements.**—Many varieties of the plough are used according to the work to be done. For breaking up old ground, the common iron mould board, the dagan, bar-share, and shovel ploughs are used—for cultivating the crop, the bull-tongue, bar-share, and mould-board scraper, and if need be, the others also. The bar-share and mould-board scrapers are deserving of some notice. The first is made out of wrought iron and resembles the cast-iron mould-board ploughs—in some respects, instead of the bolt running up through the beam with the handles attached to the mould-board and land-side, the bar-share is so made as to screw on to the stock of a common shovel or bull-tongue plough. There is some little nicety required in order to give the requisite form to the mould-board, so that it may do its work efficiently and with the least expenditure of force. There is of course, therefore, a great difference in them in this respect, and in the work done, and they are approved or disapproved of by planters, according as the workman succeeds in perfecting them. For our part, we think well of them, for they are extremely simple in their general construction—can be fitted on to any stock of bar-share, shovel, or bull-tongue—may be made by any good black-smith, and if well made, does the work as efficiently as the more costly imported ones, which are not always attainable by the planter. Col. Williams has them of two sizes (for one and two horses) which having given them a good form, he has had cast, which insures him good shape.—The *mould-board scraper* is the common triangular scraper, with the wings formed into small mould-boards instead of running flat as the common ones do. The agricultural community are indebted to Col. Williams for this important improvement, which removes many of the objections urged against this instrument. The common scraper running just below the surface, cuts the grass, breaks up the ground as deep as it goes, and passes on, leaving it almost in *statu quo*. If a hot sun succeeds the operation the grass is killed; but if rainy, the grass puts out new roots and takes a fresh start. Not so, however, with the mould-board scraper.

The whole surface is not only broken up, but also turned over, burying the grass and effectually destroying it; nor is this the only advantage, for by its construction it throws the earth some four or five inches beyond its wings which enables the workman to run it on the sides of the cotton beds, and earth up the young plants (the quantity of earth being small) without burying or injuring them. We understand that they are objected to in wet weather, but could not learn that any who objected had actually tried them; then, in all probability, the opinion has been formed on the inefficiency of the old scraper. Col. Williams, who has fully tried them, assured us that the objection was not valid, and that they were as efficient in wet weather as any other instrument, and that he never removed them from the field on that account. We saw it at work among very young cotton, and strongly recommend it to our friends. The only other instruments we saw here, which appeared peculiar to this section, are the cotton-drill plough, and horse-rake for covering the cotton. The drill-plough is made out of a thick plank resembling exactly a child's boat, the *keel* of which forms the drill, the width and depth of which is regulated by the size of the keel, the other part serving merely to keep it from going lower than wished. We saw another kind in the lower part of Darlington district; it was merely what we have called the "keel" attached to the plough-stock; the first we consider as the best instrument. The horse-rake, is a block of wood of the width of the bed, with two rows of teeth either of iron or wood. This is attached to a beam with handles, and passes over the bed after the cotton is sown in the drill. We also saw another instrument intended for the same purpose, but which we cannot call a rake. It is a block of wood hollowed out in the centre, so as to give shape to the bed it passes over, and as this is made wider in front than in the rear it does its work very finely. For clayey lands or those liable to "bake," we would recommend the former instrument as it leaves the earth in an open freeable state. In fact if the cotton is not up, and a rain falls on such ground, it is not unusual to run the horse-rake over the beds, to prevent the surface caking. The latter instrument we would recommend in preference on sandy soils, for the seeds are not only effectually covered, but the earth pressed close to them, which insures their speedy germination. The other instruments found here, are such as are usually on all plantations, consisting of hoes, axes, spades, wagons, carts, &c.

*Buildings.*—The residences of the planters are, as we have already observed, generally large and comfortable. The out-houses are nearly the same as those mentioned in the survey of St. Matthew's parish. Some of the negro-houses are of hewn logs, which are either weather-boarded or daubed with clay. We saw no building worthy of special note except a stable of Genl. Gillespie. This stable is large, and built on a plan new, at least in the South. There is a large passage-way running through the centre lengthwise. The stalls are on each side of this, with another passage running round and next to the out-side of the building, and through which the horses enter their stalls. The part next to the main passage-way is built sufficiently high to prevent the animals from attempting to escape by that way, while at the same time so contrived as to permit of their being overlooked and fed, from it. About ten feet above the stalls on each side (but not over the passage-way) floors are laid, and about the same height (or perhaps more, for we write merely from recollection, and not from notes,) the whole is floored over. The



wagons with hay, &c. drive into this large passage-way and throw it on to the first floors, which will hold a very large quantity, and from which it is easily fed out to the horses. Above, grain or fodder may be kept. We are sorry that we are not able to give a more detailed account of this building, which struck us as being one of the most convenient we had ever come across.

*Machines.*—These are saw and grist mills, cotton-gins, presses, straw-cutters, &c. On Col. Williams' Factory plantation there is also a machine for grinding bark for his tannery. The water-wheel is enclosed at the sides so as to form a flat drum, and divided internally into four divisions; into each of these, square holes are cut on one side, sufficiently large to introduce the hides from the vats. By the revolution of the wheel they are thrown from side to side, and are completely washed and softened, which saves a great deal of labour. The negroes have availed themselves of this machine to save themselves the trouble of washing their clothes. They regularly bring their dirty clothes and blankets, place them in one of the divisions of the wheel, and go to their work. On returning home they stop and take them out. The clothes are washed by falling from side to side, and as the drum is not made tight, sufficient water enters to perform the necessary ablutions. In several of the public institutions of England, the washing is done by machines similar to what we have described, *only* they are small and turned by hand. The clothes are said to be much less injured by this process than the common one, of rubbing with the hand.

*Manufactories.*—Near Society Hill, and on the plantation on which Col. Williams' resides, is one of the oldest (if not the very oldest) and successful cotton manufactory in the State. It was erected many years ago by the Colonel's father, Genl. David R. Williams. It is not now in full operation, as the Colonel is part owner, and (we believe) principal director of a more extensive one, which has been recently erected in Marlborough district. The former makes a considerable quantity not only of cotton cloth, but also of cotton and wool for negro clothing, besides spinning a large quantity of cotton yarn from Nos. 4 to 16, which is put up in small bales and sold out to the country people. The amount of work done may be judged of by the quantity of cotton used, which is from five to six hundred bales annually. The manufactory in Marlborough district has been but recently erected; it is large and of wood. The number of spindles we do not recollect, but it manufactures from three to four thousand yards of cotton cloth per week, besides spinning six hundred pounds of yarn. It is one of the neatest and best ordered, (although worked by negroes,) that it has been our lot to visit. The beauty of the machinery, the regularity with which it works, the neatness of the whole establishment—all serve to heighten the pleasure of the visitor, who if he be a Southerner, feels not a little elated in beholding such beautiful machinery put into operation and successfully worked (and with considerable profit) by negroes alone. The whole of the operatives at both manufactories are slaves, a single white superintendent being attached to each. The mechanist is also a slave, belonging to Col. Williams, and we saw a brass cog-wheel cut by him, which would have been creditable to any workman. What struck us with peculiar force, was the number of small negroes, both girls and boys, from ten to fifteen years old, who were employed in these factories. The work they had assigned them was very light, and principally required attention.

They were spry, active, and in the best of humours, as were all of the negroes we saw. Next to these will in a short time, in all probability, rank the Cocooneries; extensive preparations are making in this section for raising silk, and it is estimated that three hundred acres are planted in Mulberries, principally the *Morus Multicaulis*. The experiment has been tried on small scales by a number of persons, and with such success as warrants the more extensive preparations that are now making. Dr. Maclean of Cheraw, is more extensively engaged in it at present than any other person. He calculates on feeding a million of worms, and having successional crops. We walked through his field of *Morus Multicaulis*, and have rarely seen any more luxuriant or beautiful. He has about twenty-five acres, we were informed; (the Doctor was unfortunately absent at the time, but we met him afterwards, though at an unfortunate time—just as we were leaving.) His Cocoonery is the old Baptist meeting-house, in which he has made all the necessary arrangements for feeding the number of worms we stated above. We have the promise of the Doctor to communicate the result of his experiment to us at the close of the season, and we hope he will also furnish us with a description of his Cocoonery. In the meantime we will merely state that there are six ranges, each containing fifteen shelves. The upper shelves are attended to from the second story. Mr. Craig, near Chesterfield C. H. has reared the worm and made silk on a small scale for many years. He considers the experiment fairly tried, and is now going more largely into the business. For the culture of the Mulberry we refer our readers to "*Arable lands.*"

For the Southern Cabinet.

#### EMIGRATING.

*Mr. Editor,*—Some few remarks which I made on the soils of Alabama, having been favourably received, I will now call your attention to the primary steps—emigrating to, preparing and cultivating those soils. The first of these is not so trifling a task as has been generally supposed, and is attended with considerable loss and expense. The planter of the old States who intends removing his residence, can only do so in the winter season, when the roads are very bad and the weather generally very inclement.

None of those who desire to emigrate can afford to sacrifice a crop for that purpose; and to plant one, gather it in, get it to market, and dispose of those things that cannot be removed, will carry him well on in January. The first loss commences with the sacrifice of his stock of cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, provisions, plantation tools, and a number of small articles which he is obliged to leave behind, though inconsiderable in themselves, the emigrant feels the want of on arriving at his future home. His expenses commence with procuring proper wagons, tents, additional mules, &c., for the wagons generally used in the lower part of Carolina

are unfit to encounter the roads of Georgia and Alabama, and very few planters have the necessary stock of mules and horses. When the candidate for citizenship of the new State is fully prepared for his start—when these and other contingent expenses are encountered, unless he be one rarely found among the emigrating class, who has a crop ahead and no debts to pay, he will find the precious metals and their flimsy representatives form but a trifling part of his freight. Having adjusted all the preliminaries, and the day for his departure having arrived, he attends to the loading of his wagons—then summoning all of his people, and seeing that none are missing, he gives his order, "All ready—drive on." The wagoners crack their whips—the mules stretch to their burden—the revolving wheels make their last print on his native soil. The negroes, with sad countenances, give a parting look to their old residences, and move slowly forward. He who directs the movement, with a heart full almost to overflowing, approaches his family, and extending his hand to the partner of his cares, says, "We are ready," and from the tears and embraces of relatives and friends, he places his wife and children in the vehicle that is to convey them, perhaps forever, from the scenes of their early associations; he closes the door, and the carriage with hearse-like pace, follows the loaded wagons; last he mounts his horse, and casting a parting look at his neighbours and friends, says, "God bless you," and rides on, to inspect the general movement. A dead silence pervades the whole line, interrupted only by the heavy, long drawn sigh, which relieves some overcharged bosom. This continues till they arrive at their first place of encampment for the night. Then comes a scene of bustle and animation. The wagons are driven a little from the road, the negroes down with their bundles, the axes and hoes chop merrily to clear the camp ground, the fatigue parties are dispatched for wood and water, the tent is pitched, the canvass for the dormitory for the negroes stretched, the cooking utensils are arranged and soon in front blazes a cheerful fire, the cooks are busy, the children released from their confinement are animated by the novelty of the scene. The father is superintending the unloading of the necessary articles for the night. The mother, with her servants, busily employed putting the tent in order; and having arranged the beds and other comforts, comes forth to meet her husband at the entrance. A blazing fire enlivens the surrounding woods, the supper is ready, and the family seated on their camp-stools to a rude table made with forks driven into the ground with cross pieces supporting green poles, over which a clean table-cloth is spread. The coffee-pot discharges its smoking contents, the savory ham and eggs awaken the appetite; and in the prattle of the children, the happy countenance of the mother while watching their movements, the unclouded brow of the father as he ponders on better days, and the boisterous mirth of the negroes seated around a huge fire at a short distance, gorging themselves with fried bacon and hoe-cake, you can scarcely recognize the group of mourners, who but a few hours before, left the home of their childhood but a few miles behind. Supper ended, the horses and mules are attended to, the watch set, and in a short time, in the arms of sleep—all but the guardians of the night have forgotten their cares. An hour before the dawn of day the camp is in motion, horses and mules are fed, cleaned, and geared up, a smoking breakfast invites the attention of all, the tents are struck, every thing packed snugly away, and with the early dawn the cavalcade moves



slowly on its journey, leaving the fragment of their meal to a set of marauders in the shape of hogs, who infest the roads to the great annoyance of all travellers. About noon the procession halts near some stream. The shade of a tree affords them protection if the day is warm, but it is more likely that the family are protected from the wind by a blanket hung up for that purpose, and enjoy their cold repast before a cheerful fire. The horses and mules having finished their feed, and those in a higher scale of being refreshed by their mid-day meal, all are again in motion, and the evening encampment closes the second day. It would be uninteresting to follow our emigrants day after day as they shorten the distance from fifteen to twenty miles each day, toiling through roads almost impassable, and up hills where the weary teams move almost imperceptibly. We will, therefore, hasten on to their place of destination, and view their approach to the termination of their journey. The long-looked-for day has at length arrived—the exhausted travellers are told that this is the last night they will camp out; to-morrow we will be at home. Home! what dear associations are connected with those four letters—peace, happiness, joy, security from the chilling wintry blasts, and an end to all the toils of a long, tiresome journey, when the weary frame can rest in comfort, and fatigue and anxiety be known no more. But when they approach the long-looked-for spot of their anxious desires, full of hope and expectation, what a sudden revulsion of feelings. The wagons are driven into what is called a clearing, where some squatter had blasted the trees on a few acres, in the centre of which stands a thing more resembling a hog-pen than a house, and to the dismayed family the cavalcade stop before their future residence. This is no visionary picture;—but it soon fades away. In a few days an air of comfort pervades the place. The axe and cross-cut saw are set in motion—the wedge and froe soon convert the monarch of the forest into boards, the wagons are unloaded, their bodies taken off, and load after load of stout poles are hauled to the spot—substantial pole-houses covered and lined, rise up like magic. The yard is inclosed, a truck-patch planted, a cow or two furnishes milk, a sow and pigs form the nucleus of a future stock of hogs. The cock struts at the head of the seraglio, and the family having constant occupation, soon forget the past in laying plans for the future. Each day adds to their comforts; some friendly neighbours call to see the settlers and supply their immediate wants, and the smiles of the wife and prattle of the children welcome the husband and father on his return home from the toils of the day.

A SOUTH-CAROLINA ALABAMIAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Southern Cabinet.

## ANSWER TO QUERIES ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF PINE PLAINS.

BY AN UP-COUNTRYMAN.

*Mr. Editor.*—A subscriber in your last No. states that he has bought a farm of White Pine Plains, nearly worn out, &c.; and makes a few queries, hoping that you, or your correspondents, will answer them through the medium of your useful paper.

Having been a correspondent, and professing to know something of the nature of soils, I take the liberty of answering the queries, or at least of giving my views. The soil is said to be very dry, sandy, and gravelly. It is well known to agriculturists, that it requires a certain combination to form what is called soil suitable for productiveness. These are sand, clay, and vegetable matter, and a soil is considered more or less productive, as these component parts predominate. This being admitted, it would appear that *A Subscriber* has but one of the requisites, and that the least valuable of the three; hence it is evident that he has no soil at all, and I would advise him to emigrate, not from the State, but to a more productive portion of it. If he does not choose to do so, but prefers to remain where his lot is cast, I would say by way of answer to his first question, lay a foundation, by adding one half, or two-thirds, of clay; for the gravel is not to be taken into the account, being nothing more than sand in a more objectionable form, and then lay on as much stable manure, or other decomposed vegetable matter, as he can command. For I do not suppose, with such a farm, he could make, or procure too much.

The second question is, What kind of crops are most suitable for it? Now this would puzzle a Georgia lawyer to answer; for, as has been said, it has not the known requisites for productiveness—hence no crops would grow well on it.

To the third question, Whether deep or shallow ploughing would be best, I would say it is not very material which, as either would only fatigue the animals used, without producing any beneficial results.

As to the fourth question, How would the growth of an orchard be best promoted, which is decaying, and much infested with ants, &c., I would reply, give it up to the ants, as not worth the trouble or expense of attempting to renovate.

In conclusion let me persuade *A Subscriber* to quit his Pine plains and remove to the upper country, where he can get good oak and hickory lands that will remunerate him for his labor; for here we have a soil made to our hands, capable of great improvement with small means, while he has to make it with very scant materials. If the population of this country was so dense as to occupy all the vacant lands, then *A Subscriber* would be justified in delving at his Pine plains; but when we have such a superabundance of much better land, through our upper country, which is so much more desirable in every respect, and wholly unoccupied, as so much dead capital, it is unpardonable in *A Subscriber* to waste his talent on land consisting only of sand and gravel, which never was intended for cultivation while any other could be obtained, but merely as an appendage to arable lands, for timber.

I perceive, Mr. Editor, that you have been taking an excursion through St. Johns, &c.—Why do you not come to the upper-country on an agricultural tour? It would give you ample material for your work, which would be of great benefit to the more populous portion of the State; and you could, by personal observation, inform *A Subscriber*, and many others similarly situated, of the great advantage of removing to a region abounding with good land, now totally useless for the want of tenants. I am glad to see that you have resumed your old occupation of Editor, and hope you will receive all the patronage which your exertions merit.

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### AGRICULTURAL SURVEYS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is known to most of our readers, that attempts have been made for the two last years, to induce our Legislature to have a Geological survey of the State made; and the advantages to be derived from an Agricultural survey, was also pressed on their attention during the last session. But, unfortunately, though strictly an Agricultural State, our Legislature has not, and we fear much, will not for many years, do ought to build up the main pillar of her wealth and strength. It appears to us to be a strange infatuation. South-Carolina will lavish millions on schemes of doubtful policy, and yet will not devote one cent to encourage Agriculture, on the success of which not only her prosperity, but almost her very existence depends. How different has been the course pursued by the State of Massachusetts, and how strong is the contrast when compared with the niggardly conduct of our own State. She has not only caused Geological, Botanical and Agricultural surveys to be made, but has liberally appropriated a considerable sum in premiums for the encouragement of the growth of Wheat, the raising of Silk, and the manufacture of Sugar from Beets. Besides these she gives annually to each Agricultural Society a sum in proportion to what they raise, to be expended in premiums.—Some time since we addressed a letter to the Rev. Henry Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture of that State, requesting information on certain points. We give the following extracts as showing the liberality of that patriotic State, and the steps she has taken.—

"Boston, 25th April, 1840.

"Dear Sir,—I received in due course of mail your esteemed favor of the 2nd inst.; but have, from necessity, deferred a reply. Accompanying this I send you a circular letter addressed to the farmers of Massachusetts on the subject of the Agricultural survey, the second report of the Agriculture of Massachusetts, Professor Hitchcock's report on Economical Geology, the last No. of the Transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society, containing my report of the agricultural meeting at the State House, which I believe I sent you in a separate pamphlet,



and a blank form of a Farm Report. My first Report is out of print, and I cannot obtain a copy for myself. My third Report is nearly through the press, and I will send it as soon as it appears. Professor Hitchcock's full Report of the Geology of Massachusetts, is to go to press this summer, as well as the reports of the Botanical Surveyor; these I will send you if I can obtain them, but I can only promise my own reports, and those it will give me much pleasure to communicate. I shall be able to send you several other numbers of the Essex Transactions, if you would like them.

"In respect to the patronage of the State, Massachusetts has been comparatively very liberal. To each Society in the several counties the State gives annually two hundred dollars, provided they show that they have secured and invested one thousand dollars upon interest, as a permanent fund, the income of which is to be devoted to the encouragement of Agriculture, and two hundred dollars for each additional thousand, though no Society can receive over six hundred dollars annually to be distributed in premiums. There are eight Societies in the State, and all except one, I think, receives six hundred dollars. The State offers a bounty of five cents per lb. on beet sugar, about two dollars per lb. on reeled silk, and two dollars on the first fifteen bushels of wheat raised by any farmer, and five cents upon every bushel over fifteen which he may raise. The State instituted the Agricultural Survey by a simple resolution, leaving it to the Commissioner to determine how it should be done. It is two years last June since I commenced the survey, and it will be completed this year. I have not executed it at all to my own satisfaction; and being a new enterprise, I have been obliged, single-handed, to make my way as I could. I believe, however, it has been an immense benefit to the State in stimulating Agricultural inquiry and improvement; and in this way not without its influence upon other States. The State allows me eighteen hundred dollars per year, out of which I pay all my expenses, which have generally exceeded one thousand dollars per year, and I have given away between one and two hundred dollars per year in books, implements and seeds, which is included in my expenses named. The pecuniary emolument you see is small enough to support a family; but I have not regarded the compensation, for the pleasure and importance of the work.

"Our Agricultural meetings, during the session of the Legislature, which originated with me, and of which I have been under the necessity of taking all the labor, have been exceedingly useful, and attended with constantly increasing interest. I had designed to have reported the proceedings much more fully, but as I do not write short hand, was obliged to depend upon my memory and some very imperfect minutes, which made it more labor than I could get through with, with my other duties.

"I have answered, I am sensible, your inquiries very imperfectly, but will reply more particularly if you will suggest your wishes, in respect to every point." \* \* \* \* \*

We feel under considerable obligation to Mr. Colman for the pamphlets, all of which have been received, and we shall from time to time make copious extracts from their pages. At present we avail ourselves of the information contained in the Memorial of Mr. Colman, addressed in his official capacity as Commissioner of Agriculture to the Legislature

of Massachusetts—"On a Board of Industry and Statistical Returns of the products of Industry in the State."

We would most willingly insert the whole of this memorial, did not its length exclude it from the present number. We will, however, endeavour to make such extracts as will furnish all that is interesting to our readers.

We commence our extracts by the following just compliment to the State.—

"In a faithful and enlightened regard to agriculture, Massachusetts has eminently distinguished herself among her sister states. In her endowments and annual bounties to agricultural societies, in her geological and agricultural surveys, and in her premiums offered for the production of wheat, silk, and sugar, she has made a generous provision for the encouragement of this great and useful art; and with a sound discretion has expended money, which has already given back, and is in the process of making, the most abundant returns." \* \* \*

"The disbursements of the State, on account of agricultural societies within the last two years, have been \$8,768; on account of bounties on the production of silk, within that time, have been \$795 14; on account of bounties paid on the production of wheat, within the last year, \$9,280 14; making a total of \$18,833 28. The expenditures for the geological and agricultural surveys are already before the Legislature. It will be seen under these circumstances that the State has not been deficient in liberality. It is believed that better objects for public patronage seldom present themselves; and the good already resulting from its bestowment, shows the wisdom and sound judgment of the appropriation. Your memorialist is strongly convinced that a large portion of this patronage, or rather of this expenditure, may be withheld, and the remainder applied with more advantage than it has yet been."

The Commissioner then goes on to give it as his opinion, that there is no further occasion for a bounty upon the production of wheat—as the capability of the State to raise this grain, has been satisfactorily ascertained, and the other objects can be better attained by other means. The same remarks are made relative to the production of silk. No claim has been made for the bounty on the manufacture of sugar from beets. The law is limited to five years from its enactment, and he leaves it to the Legislature to determine its competency to rescind it, though he does not think that any advantage will be derived from its continuance:—

"The law, in its present form, is likely to avail little in regard to the matter of the greatest importance to the agricultural community; that is, the determining the best and proper mode of cultivating the beet, and the proper and best mode of extracting and manufacturing the sugar; the value and uses of the pomace in feeding stock or for other purposes; and the expenses or profitableness of the culture of the vegetable or the manufacture of the sugar. Another point, perhaps of more importance than any other, and which is not likely to be attained under present arrangements, is the ascertainment whether the manufacture of sugar can ever be made a certain and profitable branch of domestic or household industry, so that every family may with advantage supply themselves with this great and necessary article of home consumption.

"In respect to many of the bounties or premiums bestowed for agricultural objects in the state, there seems to your memorialist to be one cardinal failure or defect. The legitimate object of all such bounties and premiums is not solely to excite and encourage enterprise, inquiry, and experiment, but mainly to obtain useful and practical information, which may be diffused among farmers. We desire to know not only that a thing can be done, but how it can be done; not only that a particular vegetable or crop can be raised, but in what manner and by what particular process this may be effected. Under the laws of the State authorising bounties upon wheat, sugar, and silk; and under the operations of the agricultural societies in the use of the money granted them by the State, this is not always provided for; and, in a considerable measure, it is not done. Whether better arrangements can or cannot be made is matter of useful inquiry. Your memorialist is of opinion that a beneficial alteration in this matter may be made, in respect to the annual grants made by the State to agricultural societies; and, without designing to cast any censure whatever upon any persons or any society, yet he would respectfully express his conviction, that those to whom the application of this public-spirited bounty is entrusted, should be held to a more exact accountability. At present, the amounts expended, and the objects for which they are given, with the persons names upon whom they are bestowed, comprise nearly all that are returned to the office of the Secretary of State; but your memorialist conceives, that the objects for which these bounties are bestowed would be more effectually accomplished by a greater exactness and fulness in these returns.

"It is known, likewise, that complaints are frequently made against the manner in which these premiums are awarded and Cattle Shows conducted. Complaints are often made in respect to the objects selected for premium and the conditions under which the competition is regulated. Now whether these complaints be well or ill-founded, your memorialist will give no farther opinion than that in many cases improvements might be made, which would take away all just ground of complaint. The duty of managing and awarding these premiums is not always a desirable office; and it would relieve those on whom this duty devolves from an unwelcome responsibility and conduce to the objects of the bounty, if the subjects of premium, the conditions and rules of competition, and the mode of awarding them could be brought directly under a central board of control."

He next suggests the importance of ascertaining with as much exactness as the case admits of, the actual products of the State, which he is of opinion, may be accomplished without any additional appropriation or expense to the Commonwealth. In the subjoined extracts he states his views of the ways and means by which this may be effected,—

"Your memorialist would therefore respectfully suggest, that there be constituted, within this government, a Board of Domestic Industry, to consist of one delegate from each county or congressional district of the State, to be joined by the Committees of the Legislature on Agriculture and Manufactures, and the Governor and Lieut. Governor of the Commonwealth, ex-officio.

"That the delegates and a secretary to the Board, shall be appointed by the Governor and Council, and shall receive for travel and attendance such rate of compensation as may be deemed just.



"That the Board shall meet once a year, on the third Wednesday in January, at the State House, in Boston, and their session shall never be extended over ten successive days.

"That it shall be the duty of this Board, annually, to examine and report fully to the Legislature, the condition of the agriculture and manufactures of the Commonwealth; and suggest such measures as may conduce to the benefit of these great branches of industry, and the individuals directly concerned in them.

"That every agricultural society in the Commonwealth shall be required, annually, to make a perfect return of its affairs; the number and names of its members, the amount of its own funds, and the manner in which it uses or applies the money received from the State.

"That the several agricultural societies be allowed to receive yearly, only half the sum which is now authorized to be paid to them by law; and that the other half shall be placed at the disposal of the Board of Industry, to be given in the State, in premiums for distinguished improvements, cultivation, or inventions.

"As for example, let a premium of one hundred dollars be given for the best and most exactly conducted experiment in growing wheat, or other grain, requiring that such experiments shall be conducted in the most careful manner, according to prescribed conditions, and in a way to ascertain, as far as practicable, important, or doubtful, or contested points, in reference to the crop on which the premium is offered.

"Let a premium of one hundred dollars be given for the best and most exactly conducted experiment in producing silk, conducted with a view to prescribed objects; and detailing fully and exactly, every step in the progress, so that the desired information may be obtained in the most authentic form.

"Let a premium of one hundred dollars be given for the best conducted experiment in producing and manufacturing beet sugar, under conditions and with objects above suggested.

"Let one hundred dollars be given for the best experiment in the application of manures, with a view to test in the most authentic and conclusive manner, the proper use, preparation, and application, and the comparative efficiency and value of different manures.

"It being understood in all cases, that the object of such premiums is, not the rewarding of individual enterprise or skill, but the obtaining of practical and decisive information for the general benefit of the farmers.

"As far as the means of the board extend, the board may use their moneys in rewarding any extraordinary agricultural or mechanical invention or discovery, promising to be of public utility.

"Or they may import from abroad, models or drawings of any valuable implement; or seeds of plants which promise to be of extraordinary advantage, for distribution among the farmers; or they may use their funds at their discretion, for other purposes directly connected with agricultural improvement and the advancement of agricultural knowledge.

"That the board of industry determine the times and places of holding the several Cattle Shows in the State; and that in respect to moneys annually granted by the State for agricultural premiums, competition for these premiums may be open to any citizen of the Commonwealth, whether or not residing in the particular county where the show is held.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REMARKS OF MR. RUFFIN ON DR. JOHNSON'S ARTICLE ON  
CALCAREOUS MANURES—WITH THE REPLY OF DR. JOHNSON

WE rejoice to learn from the above article, (on Calcareous Manures, from the April No. of the Cabinet,) that marl has been employed by the planters of South-Carolina, even to the slight extent stated. We have formerly several times referred to the rich resources of that State for its agricultural improvement; and, even to the last time, expressed regret that they were *entirely* neglected. But if even "five or six planters" are this year making *proper* applications of marl in South-Carolina, it must lead to extensive and general improvement by that means.

The large proportion of [carbonate of] magnesia which Dr. Johnson reports as so generally present in the marls of South-Carolina, is a remarkable and interesting fact, which requires attention and full investigation. Writers of reputation have maintained that magnesia is hurtful to land. We have no experience on that head, but do not concur in that opinion.

Next, as to matters personal: If the writer of the above article had merely charged, in general terms, the author of the "Essay on Calcareous Manures," as "not being sufficiently acquainted with chemistry," no reply would have been made, because that fact has been fully and expressly admitted by himself in the work in question. But as it is charged that a particular "error" is the effect of that want of sufficient knowledge, and that that error is so important as to "excite doubts of all the benefits imputed by the author to lime," it is proper to say, that the error charged has no existence; and that Dr. Johnson either has not read, or has not understood the reasoning of the work, which he speaks of so approvingly in other respects. The author did indeed state that very many of the most fertile soils, and indeed almost all soils, rich and poor, of all the great Atlantic slope of the United States, were totally destitute of *carbonate of lime*; and he still maintains this important proposition, which he was the first to announce. But so far from asserting the absence of *lime*, in all or any other combinations, directly the reverse was maintained; and the ground thus assumed forms an important and essential part of the theory of the causes of fertility or barrenness of soils. To establish this general existence of lime in some other state of combination than the carbonate in all rich soils is the main object of the reasoning and proofs in the chapter on "neutral and acid soils," (page 22, second edition,) and the truth there established is relied on to sustain the subsequent reasoning throughout, and is particularly referred to, in several cases, for explanation of particular and remarkable effects. Two of them, now remembered, are in the chapter on the "permanency of calcareous manures" (p. 58,) and the explanation of the inaction of gypsum on acid (or ordinary poor natural) soils. (p. 92.—[ED. FARMER'S REGISTER.

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For the Southern Cabinet.

*Mr. Editor*,—I observe that Mr. Ruffin has re-published in the May number of his Farmer's Register, the article on Calcareous Manures, written by me for your April number. I am sorry that he should consider any part of that article "personal." I wished only to point

out, what I considered an "error" in his statement, that the richest lands in the United States contained little or no "calcareous earth,"—to lament that this, if considered alone, should excite doubts of the important truth that calcareous earth greatly promotes the fertility of soils, if not essentially necessary to such fertility—and to suggest a mode of explaining the apparent inconsistency. If the richest lands in the United States contain no calcareous earth, then such earth is not essential to fertility;—does it really promote fertility in any land?

I believe that Mr. Ruffin is in an error, and that from his not being sufficiently acquainted with Chemistry, he had not carried the analysis of these rich lands far enough, or he would probably have discovered in them sulphate of lime (plaster of Paris,) or oxalate of lime, or both. Neither of these calcareous earths can be discovered in the usual way of analysing soils, yet they are believed to be among the most powerful of calcareous manures, and very likely to be formed in our soils by the natural decomposition of some substances, and the subsequent combination of the oxalic and sulphuric acids with lime in these soils. I meant only to explain away a doubt or difficulty, in a way that I had not seen it explained by any one else, and thereby to encourage all who doubted, to go and try the calcareous earths on their lands. We are all liable to errors as well as Mr. Ruffin; it is only surprising that but one error can be suggested against him, and that, evidently the result of his not having gone far enough in the analysis of these rich lands. In this opinion, I myself may be in an error, and some third person may be found, to correct us both in our premature conclusions.

Doubts have been intimated by others, besides Mr. Ruffin, as to the general existence of so large a proportion of magnesia in the calcareous earths of South-Carolina. I will state my mode of procedure, and let others repeat it, either to confirm or disprove the result. Having dried the calcareous matter, I weigh one hundred grains of it in powder and dissolve it in diluted muriatic acid. When the effervescence has subsided, I decant the clear solution and wash the earthy residue so as to separate all that is soluble about it. These washings are added to the clear solution, and the earth dried. I generally guess from its appearance, when dry, as to the proportions of clay and sand. I then try the solution with blue paper, and if it contain an excess of acid, I neutralize that with a solution of potash. I then pour into it a solution of oxalic acid, until it is a little in excess, and stir the mixture for a few minutes, to promote the union of this acid with the lime previously united with muriatic acid in solution. The oxalate of lime thus precipitated is washed, dried on filtering paper, and weighed. I generally set down one half of this weight as the proportion of lime found in it. The residue of the solution I precipitate with potash, and obtain the carbonate of magnesia, which subsides, and is then washed, filtered, dried, and weighed. I may not have mixed a sufficiency of the oxalic acid to precipitate the whole of the lime, and in that way some of it may have been mixed with the magnesia, so as to give too great a proportion of the latter. All the books speak of magnesia as generally found in lime stones, and I have no doubt of the fact in these cases.

The chief cause of misunderstanding between Mr. Ruffin and myself, is, the precarious meaning of the terms used. He prefers the term calcareous earth, thereby meaning carbonate of lime, as I have since learned by reference to his book. I read that book about three years.



ago, but did not recollect his meaning as there explained. I supposed calcareous earth to mean "lime" in every form and combination in which it is found in the earth. I submit to the candor of your readers, and of Mr. Ruffin, whether I am not excusable for this mistake, as I had not his explanation before me. I bought the first edition of his work three years ago, and did not know until now that there was a second edition. Let me request, through you, that he would send on some of them for sale in Charleston, as there are none to be found in the book-stores or libraries.

JOS. JOHNSON.

For the Southern Cabinet.

### TREES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

*To the Editor of the Southern Cabinet:*

DEAR SIR,—Believing that a description of a remarkably large species of Pine, growing on the Rocky mountains, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, I take the liberty of sending you an account of it from the Journal of the discoverer, Mr. David Douglass. It will also serve to show some of the perils to which naturalists are exposed in the pursuit of science. This Journal was not published, but a few copies were printed together with a memoir of his life, by his friend and patron Sir Wm. Hooker. The fate of poor Douglass was a melancholy one. After having made extensive collections of the seeds and plants of California and the north-west coast of America, which are now flourishing in Europe, he continued his exertions in Hawaii, one of the islands of the Pacific, where he accidentally fell into a pit which was prepared to entrap wild cattle—a bull had previously fallen in, and the unfortunate man was gored to death and his body dreadfully mutilated. The Missionaries residing on the island had him decently interred.

I would just add, that I saw in the collection of Sir Wm. Hooker at Glasgow the identical cones collected and sent to Europe by Douglass; his measurements were exact. In size and shape they reminded me of a large hornet's nest. Nearly all the seeds vegetated, and I saw the trees growing at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Laudon. This species was described under the name of *Pinus Lambertiana*.—

"THURSDAY the 25th Oct., 1826.—Weather dull, cold, and cloudy. When my friends in England are made acquainted with my travels, I fear they will think that I have told them nothing but my miseries. This may be very true; but I now know as they may do also, if they choose to come here on such an expedition, that the objects of which I am in quest of, cannot be obtained without labor, anxiety of mind, and no small risk of personal safety, of which latter statement my this day's adventures are an instance. I quitted my camp early in the morning to survey the neighbouring country, leaving my guide to take charge of the horses until my return in the evening, when I found that he had done as I wished, and in the interval dried some wet paper which I had desired him to put in order. About an hour's walk from my camp I met

an Indian, who perceiving me instantly strung his bow, placed on his left arm a sleeve of Raccoon skin and stood on the defensive. Being quite satisfied that his conduct was prompted by fear, and not by hostile intentions, the poor fellow having probably never seen such a being as myself before, I laid my gun at my feet on the ground, and waved my hand for him to come to me, which he did slowly and with great caution. I then made him place his bow and quiver of arrows beside my gun, and striking a light gave him a smoke out of my own pipe, and a present of a few beads. With my pencil I made a single sketch of the Cone and Pine tree, which I wanted to obtain, and drew his attention to it, when he instantly pointed with his hand to the hills fifteen or twenty miles distant towards the south, and when I expressed my intention of going thither, cheerfully set about accompanying me. At mid-day I reached my long wished for Pines, and lost no time in examining them and endeavouring to collect specimens and seeds. New and strange things seldom fail to make strong impressions, and are therefore frequently overated, so that lest I should never again see my friends in England to inform them verbally of this most beautiful and immensely grand tree, I shall here state the dimensions of the largest I could find among several which had been blown down by the wind. At three feet from the ground its circumference is fifty-seven feet nine inches; at one hundred and thirty-four feet, seventeen feet five inches; the extreme length two hundred and forty-five feet, the trunks are uncommonly straight, and the bark uncommonly smooth for such large timber, of a whitish or light brown colour, and yielding a great quantity of bright amber gum. The tallest stems are generally unbranched for two-thirds of the height of the tree; the branches rather pendulous, with cones hanging from their points like sugar-loaves in a grocer's shop. The loftiest trees, and the putting myself in possession of three of these (all I could obtain) nearly brought my life to a close.

As it was impossible either to climb the tree or hew it down I endeavored to knock off the cones by firing at them with balls, when the report of my gun brought eight Indians, all of them painted with red earth, armed with bows, arrows, bone-tipped spears, and flint knives. They appeared any thing but friendly—I endeavoured to explain to them what I wanted, and they seemed satisfied, and sat down to smoke, but presently I perceived one of them string his bow, and another sharpen his flint knife with a pair of wooden pincers, and suspend it on the wrist of the right hand. Further testimony of their intentions was unnecessary. To save myself by flight was impossible—so, without hesitation, I stepped back about five paces, cocked my gun, drew one of the pistols out of my belt, and holding it in my left hand and the gun in my right, showed myself determined to fight for my life. As much as possible I endeavoured to preserve my coolness, and thus we stood looking at one another without making any movement, or uttering a word, for perhaps ten minutes, when one at last, who seemed the leader, gave a sign that they wished for some tobacco. This I signified that they should have, if they fetched me a quantity of cones. They went off immediately in search of them, and no sooner were they all out of sight, than I picked up three cones and some twigs of the trees, and made the quickest possible retreat, hurrying back to my camp, which I reached before dusk. The Indian who last undertook to be my guide to the trees, I sent off before gaining my encampment, lest he should

betray me.. How irksome is the darkness of night to one under my present circumstances! I cannot speak a word to my guide, nor have I a book to divert my thoughts, which are continually occupied with the dread lest the hostile Indians should trace me hither and make an attack. I now write lying on the grass with my gun cocked beside me, and penning these lines by the light of my Columbian candle, namely; an ignited piece of rosin wood. To return to the tree, which nearly cost me so dear—the wood is remarkably fine, grained and heavy; the leaves short and bright green, inserted, five together, in a very short sheath; of my three cones one measures fourteen inches and a half, and the two others are respectively half an inch and an inch shorter, all full of fine seed. A little before this time of year the Indians gather the cones and roast them on the embers, then quarter them and shake out the seeds which are afterwards thoroughly dried and pounded into a sort of flour, or else eaten whole.”

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#### POULTRY MANAGEMENT.

Roxbury, (Mass.,) April 3, 1840.

*To the Editor of the New-England Farmer:*

DEAR SIR,—In the last number of your valuable periodical, I noticed an article upon “Poultry Management,” over the signature of Mr. Thomas P. Hunt. Some of the suggestions contained therein are new, and (as the author has been kind enough to observe that “any farther remarks will be cheerfully made when requested,” I have taken the liberty of proposing a few inquiries on the subject, most of which have been elicited by the communication above referred to. By giving them a place in your journal you will very much oblige one interested in the subject.

1. Mr. Hunt says, “never let your roosters run together.” In a large poultry-yard, how can it be avoided?
2. Should their “animal food” be cooked or given them raw? In what quantities, and how prepared?
3. What temperature is requisite to keep fowls “warm” in the cold season, and at the same time be healthy?
4. What degree of heat is required to raise chickens successfully, in “a room warmed by a stove?”
5. What should be the size of the room say for two hundred chicks hatched on the same day, and would so many do well together?
6. Would it not be well to put *one* old hen in the room at the time the chicks are placed there?
7. What should be the *furniture*, etc. of such a room, and how should it be arranged for the best advantage?
8. How soon after hatching should the chicks be taken away from the hens (to be raised in this manner,) and what disposal should be made of the mothers?
9. How long would it be well to confine the chicks in the room?



10. Why are not sugar-beets, carrots, ruta бага, or other roots, when boiled or steamed, good food for poultry?

11. How long does the "moulting season" continue?

12. Are the "Creole" fowls a native breed, and can they be obtained? What is their color and particular shape?

13. Where can the "Booby" fowls be purchased?

My stock consists of about two hundred, and the breeds are the Poland, Dorking, Surrey, and Malay, with a few Creepers and common fowls. To the first named I give the preference.

Respectfully,

T. W.

We publish the above queries, and hope we may hear from our friend Hunt in reply. As he is now in Pennsylvania, this cannot be immediately expected. We regret that we cannot fully answer the questions of our correspondent at once.

In respect to the first question; we believe it would be impracticable, unless there are enclosures or yards which are completely fenced and secured from intrusion.

2. To the second question, their food may be given them either in a raw or cooked state. It is generally preferred in a raw state. The amount cannot be prescribed, but they may be fed with liver or coarse pieces of meat occasionally. Some animal food is indispensable to their health.

3. Artificial heat can only be necessary in intense cold. Let the hen-house be faced to the south, and thoroughly closed at the back side; let it be glazed so as to admit the sun; let the entrances be near the ground, and in winter not numerous, and capable of being closed at night, and the roosting places so that they can sit together; and they will be comfortable enough.

4. After the first few days 45 to 50 deg. will be warm enough.

5. 20 ft. by 30 ft. and 15 feet in height would be ample. The floor should be the ground; and cleanliness is highly important—so also is fresh air.

6. It is not necessary. A celebratee poulterer near London, had some statues of hens made of wood, with their wings and bodies covered with flannel or woolen, under which the chickens nestled. These are said to have answered very well.

7. If for chickens exclusively, nothing but roosting places and inclined steps to reach them are needed, with the wooden mothers above referred to and a watering tub. If for a poultry house, to which ingress and egress may be free, boxes to lay in and poles upon which to roost.

8. The mothers will dispose of themselves. The chickens may be taken away at a week old, if due provision is made for their comfort. Excepting in cold weather, an open yard is much preferable for them to range in at pleasure than confinement in a covered building.

9. According to your discretion.

10. Do not know of their having been tried—but probably not comparable to potatoes.

11. Two to three months in autumn.

12. Cannot answer. The best fowls for the production of eggs which have come within our knowledge are the Sicilian; a dark colored, full sized fowl, with a towering plume.

13. Know boobies enough, but not of the feathered tribe. A friend has told us that he found at Head's table in Philadelphia on one occasion a pair of fowls weighing seventeen pounds, and that Mr. Head said they were common in that market. These, we should think, were the "Great Boobies." They were probably originally from Calcutta. We have had of this kind, which we suppose may be the Malay, referred to by our correspondent. The roosters of this tribe must not be placed with our common fowls.

We are inclined to believe that the Poland hen is the same with the Sicilian.

We trust our friend Hunt will answer in due season, and with all fit learning and experience. We throw out those hints merely as an apology for an answer.

H. C.

[*New-England Farmer.*]

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### FAST WORKING OXEN.

ONE great—probably the greatest—objection to the employment of oxen upon the farm and road, is their slow and snail-like movement. This objection, we believe, is oftener the fault of the man than of the beast. Every thing depends upon the early training of steers. No animal shows treatment he has received in training more surely than the ox. Take steers when they are free in the field, and they will walk as fast as colts or horses. The same speed of walking may be secured in the team, by proper training. It is common in "breaking" them to yoke them up with oxen that have acquired a slow pace, or to load them so heavily that they can hardly move. By such means they soon acquire the habit of walking tardily when at work. It is a better plan to commence training them yoked behind a fast walking horse, or to attach them to a light cart or wagon with an easy load, that they can readily move. By this course a habit of fleetness may be secured, which will go far towards obviating the objection we have named.

Oxen, on the whole, are more profitable than horses. They do not require so expensive keeping, are less liable to disease and injury, and when they become old are valuable for beef. But horses are delicate animals; are liable to many diseases by exposure and hard work, and if one dies, he is good for nothing but his hide. Two horses, we suppose, will do as much work as three oxen; but it will cost less to keep the oxen than the horses, and their ultimate value, when they can no longer render service, is vastly greater.

As a general suggestion, we think our farmers, who occupy farms of fifty or an hundred acres, and find it necessary to keep two teams, would adopt the best course to own one ox and one horse team—the latter answering also for travelling.

[*Maine Cultivator.*]

## ABSTRACTS.

MANURES—TO PREVENT BAD TASTE IN BUTTER AND MILK FROM COWS  
EATING TURNIPS.

*Manures.*—The following remarks of Prof. Jackson, are made the subject of comment:—"Against the opinion of some farmers, I still maintain that the principal and most active ingredients of manures, are lost by solution and infiltration, the evaporation being as it were but a drop in the bucket." The agricultural community is much divided on the point of the proper application of manures, some contending that the gases constitute their most active agent, which are lost by evaporation, and, therefore, are in favour of burying them deep; others contend that the salts are the most valuable ingredients, which are dissolved and carried below the reach of the roots of plants by infiltration—consequently, that manures ought to be but lightly covered, [or spread on the surface.] There can be no doubt but that loss is sustained by both evaporation and infiltration, especially on light sandy soils. The first is evidenced by the sharp, pungent smell, arising from fermenting manures. The second, by the fact that water allowed to stand in yards is saturated and colored with the animal salts—after the loss sustained by evaporation and solution, the remainder being composed of woody substances, is "inert so far as the growth and nutrition of vegetables is concerned," and only useful in promoting the mechanical division of the soil until further decomposition shall have taken place. If these be true, "it will follow that the essential parts of manures may be lost to the farmer and the purposes of vegetation, by both evaporation and infiltration:—if the soil is porous and the manure covered deep, by infiltration; and it left on the surface of any soil, by evaporation."

"The evils to be guarded against, then, in the disposition of manures, are the escape of their volatile parts by evaporation, and of their soluble ones by sinking, beyond the reach or use of the plant. Experience shows that a slight covering of earth will effectually prevent the escape of unpleasant odors or grasses from decomposing manures, the earth acting as an absorbent of the escaping matters, and of course becoming impregnated with their virtues."

"It appears to us perfectly reasonable, and our experience, we think, bears us out in the opinion, that to derive the greatest and most certain benefits from manures, in all cases, it should be placed *beneath*, but as near the surface as is consistent with a full and complete covering of earth. Evaporation in this case cannot take place, and the soluble matter, instead of being liable to sink at once beyond the reach of the roots of plants, as it is liable to do when buried deep in porous soils, is combined with the earths, remains within the reach of vegetables, and becomes, as was intended, an active agent of nutrition. (Gen. Farmer.

*To prevent bad taste in Butter and Milk from Cows eating Turnips.*—The usual remedy has been to give the cattle a considerable quantity of salt with their turnips. In the *New Genesee Farmer*, several other remedies are proposed. The first is "never to allow the cow to taste of the roots within six or eight hours of milking, but feed her immediately after each milking, and do not give her any more of the roots at a time



than she will eat in two or three hours, and be careful that she does not get any more till after she is milked again. By this method cows may be fed on ruta бага or other turnips, and no person will be able to discover the taste in the milk or butter." Cattle that are fattened on turnips are unfit for beef, unless they are omitted three or four days before they are killed.

Another communication contains the two following modes said to be practised in the neighbourhood of London: 1st. *Method.* Dissolve an ounce of nitre (Saltpetre) in a pint of pure water, and put a quarter of the pint into every fifteen gallons of milk as brought from the cows. This will effectually prevent any bad flavor, and cause the milk and cream to keep sweet a long time. The quantity of nitre is so very small, that it does not at all affect the wholesomeness of the milk.

"2d. *Method.* Let the cream get well sour; and before churning, take out a quarter of a pint of the cream and put it into a well scalded pot or jar, into which gather the next cream, and stir it well; do the same with each successive gathering, until enough is saved, and well soured, ready for a second churning—then take out a small quantity and commence anew as before.

"The cream being sour before churning, is no detriment to it, and this method will prevent any bad taste in the butter."

A third correspondent remarks: "I have found that very *thoroughly working* the butter, and salting it as much as a regard to its taste will admit, is by far the best remedy. In most cases, it has nearly, if not entirely, removed the unpleasant flavor, even when the cows have been fed upwards of a half a bushel per day. I suppose from this, that the turnip flavor is chiefly in the buttermilk and not in the pure butter itself; and that as the butter-milk is removed from the butter by successive workings, this flavor gradually diminishes, until, as the process is perfected, it entirely disappears."

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We commend the following article on the formation of Agricultural Societies, to the consideration of our planters. It applies with equal force to them, as well as to those for whom it is intended.—[ED. SO. CABINET.

#### AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

##### *To the Farmers of the State of New-York:*

GENTLEMEN,—You must have noticed that when two men ride on one horse, one must ride behind! It was established by that Being who made the world, that the producer or agriculturist should of right ride before, and hold the reins of the common horse. And such was evidently the condition of the producer and consumer in the early ages of the world. As these companions were compelled to travel together, they enjoyed for a time the order of nature; but when both stopped to rest in the early and dark ages, the consumer seized the reins and mounted before, and the producer has been compelled to ride behind ever since. Now this state of things ought not to be; and a state of peace and order

will never exist on earth, while it continues. A majority of men never can be content while the principles of Eternal Justice are violated to their immediate injury.

We now call upon you to begin the remedy; to attempt a cure for an evil which has long afflicted your whole body, and to remove a burden which has long oppressed you. Many of your brothers and producers say to you that the remedy is easy, and will do injustice to no one. It is plain and may be seen by you all. It is only unitedly to say we will govern ourselves, and not be governed: we will ride before on the common horse, or we will travel in company no longer! We will say to those who are neither producers nor manufacturers, God made men to work six portions of time out of the seven of his active existence; and that when he was not in want of so many, or much of the fruit of labor as at present, God placed him in the garden of this world, not to study politics nor metaphysics, but to be an agriculturist. We will say to the rest of mankind, that while we follow the order which God has established, we are not to be looked into the shade or ruled over by those who have abandoned it! We are about to tell you that that class on which all other classes of citizens are dependent for *clothing* and *bread*, are not any longer to be ruled by the dependent ones. It is not for want of intelligence among the farmers, but for want of confidence in the knowledge which they have: a confidence which can alone be obtained by associating with their fellows, and participating in the business of deliberate assemblies, that they find themselves neglected. It is a known fact, that a man lost in the wilderness, and a long time addicted to solitude, will flee from every man that approaches him! It is this principle of our nature, that makes us imagine that others are superior to ourselves, until we become acquainted with their weakness: and this can only be done by associating with them, where we shall soon find that their talents are diminished by comparison; and your confidence will be increased by a discovery of your strength.

This is not all that is to be accomplished by associations. Your neighbors have made your laws and governed you, only because you have not placed before your eyes, common objects of action; and when you have had them, you have not been united in the manner by which these objects might be obtained; and therefore they have divided you and ruled you.

In order that you may be united, you must meet and associate one with another. You must form yourselves into a society, and enjoy a mutual interchange of thoughts and opinions. You certainly can unite in mutually aiding each other by a communication of the results of your experience in farming; and union of sentiment and opinion in one thing, will naturally pave the way for union in many things; and the effect of union in your agricultural pursuits will not fail to make you sensible of the importance of union in the business of vindicating your rights. We are well aware that our brethren of the field and mechanic's shop are extremely averse to the business of society makers in general: for they have often been to the community, and especially to the farmers, like dry sponges; they have taken up and absorbed your treasures, and from them nothing afterwards could be squeezed. But still, you must know that the formation of societies is the only way in which you can act in concert, and make your influence to be felt.

We invite you to unite in agricultural societies for other purposes more immediately connected with your employment in life. Nature is

not yet half explored; not one half her capabilities brought to contribute to your comfort or happiness. Yes, farmers, it is true that more than one half of the power of the state of New-York is yet unused, and a large proportion of it remains so only for want of practical and scientific knowledge how to use it to advantage. The formation of a society is the *only way* in which the whole community of the state may be benefited by the superior knowledge of the few. It is by coming together and seeing the great improvements in husbandry, and the adaptation to use of the different improvements, that all can be effectually benefited by them; and it is by coming together and conversing on the best methods of cultivating the earth, and adapting particular grains to particular soils, and ascertaining the most valuable seeds, that the knowledge of the few may become universal among you. Publications may do much, but they cannot do all that is desirable to be done in this respect. Many subjects of valuable information cannot be so placed on paper as to be profitable to you all; and what is wanted cannot be known to those who might be disposed to unite, without such personal interviews as may be had in societies such as those which have been formed in your counties, and in which we invite you to take a part.

We are sure also that by the existence of societies such as have been formed in this state where due notice will be taken of every valuable discovery made by its members, and due publicity will be given to all the improvements that may be made, great encouragement will be given to the enterprise of farmers and mechanics to develop the powers of nature, and to bring to light and useful application her hidden resources of wealth and means of happy living.

And what must greatly add to this spirit of enterprise, will be the substantial reward that may be bestowed by the societies on those who make discoveries in the arts, by which the toil of the farmer is diminished, and the amount of the productions of the earth is increased. How much may yet be done by the discovery of the application of steam power to the purpose of threshing, ploughing, and performing other labors which now occupy much time and strength, no man can tell! Yet such things are on the eve of developement, with many others that will soon facilitate the progress of the agriculturist in the acquisition of wealth and happiness. And no one can tell what new seeds may be introduced from some part of the world, which will double the population of the state, when proper encouragement shall be given to the discoveries of such things.

[N. Y. Far. & Am. Gard's. Mag.]

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#### GREEN CROP OF INDIAN CORN.

N. Shotwell, of Rashway, has made an experiment with corn, as a green crop, which proved highly advantageous, and which, if we mistake not, affords a valuable suggestion to the farmer; as there is, probably, no green crop which will impart so much fertility to the soil as Indian corn. Mr. Shotwell sowed four acres with corn, broad-cast, four bushels to the acre, at the usual planting time. When the corn was about breast high, he ploughed it under, affixing a chain to the whiffletrees, to break down the stalks; at the usual time, he sowed timothy seed, and obtained a greater crop of grass than he ever got after clover, buckwheat, or any other green crops.



## DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF TURNIPS.

THE proprietor of the Rochester Seed Store, while in Europe last summer, took special pains to become acquainted with the different kinds of turnips; and obtained in England and Scotland, Seeds of all the most approved kinds. Some of these are but very little, if at all known in this country, and the following descriptions, will give the reader a good idea of the principal varieties:

## WHITE TURNIPS.

*Large white Flat Norfolk.*—This, or a degenerate variety of it, is more commonly cultivated in this country than any other white turnip. When grown in perfection it is very large and productive; flat and rather irregular in shape. It is not as firm in texture, or as sweet and juicy, however, as many others; and is not very good for the table except when young. It soon becomes light and pithy, and consequently is only fit for use in autumn, or early in winter.

*White Globe.*—This is more generally cultivated than any other in England; but owing to the opinion which prevails among farmers in this country, that a good turnip must be *flat*, it is not much cultivated here as yet. Its true shape is nearly a globe, with a fine smooth skin, and small neck. But like most other kinds, it is very liable to be effected and changed by soil and climate. The flesh is more firm and juicy than the Norfolk, and much superior to it for winter and spring use, whether for cattle or the table. (Seed of this variety was imported two years since, under the name of *White Flat or Globe*, and sold as such at the Rochester Seed Store; but the term *flat* was an error, and should not have been applied to it.

*Long Tankard.*—This turnip is but little known in this country. The roots are long and smooth, grow much above ground, and are sometimes bent or crooked. The tankards are of very quick growth, and consequently may be sown quite late. The flesh, like the Norfolk, is soft and tender, and not good for keeping. There are several sub-varieties of this and the preceding kinds; as the red and the green top—distinguished only by the color of the skin above ground.

*Red Round or Red Top.*—In shape this turnip is rather more flat than the globe. Roots medium size, smooth, regular shape, bright red color above ground, flesh fine and good. This excellent variety is particularly adapted to light hilly soils. The writer of this saw fine crops of them growing on some of the poor chalk lands in Kent, (England,) where, he was informed, no other variety could be raised. It is well worth a general trial in this country.

*Early White Flat Dutch.*—This is an excellent garden turnip for early table use, but when all grown, it soon becomes light and pithy. It is of very quick growth, medium size, form quite flat.

*Early White Garden Stone.*—This is a handsome round turnip, rather below medium size, excellent for the table. It is of very quick growth, but apt to run to seed if sown very early.

*Several other varieties of white turnips are worthy of trial, but do not differ materially from the preceding.*

## YELLOW TURNIPS.

*Ruta Baga or Yellow Swedish.*—This is too well known to need any description. It is more productive, hardy and nutritious, and will keep

longer than almost any other kind of turnip. Consequently it is more valuable to the farmer, and more generally cultivated than any other. There are several varieties of ruta бага, and it is liable to degenerate if great care is not taken to select the best roots for seed. The kind used a few years since, was the green or yellow-top. This was superseded by the red or purple top variety, which has the upper part of the root of a dull red or purple color. An improved variety of this is now most in use, and found to be superior to all others; the roots are more uniform in shape and size, have a smaller neck, and a deeper purple color above ground—inside yellow, and of fine texture.

*Dale's Yellow Hybrid.*—This is a mule or hybrid between the white globe and ruta бага; and partaking in some degree of the qualities of both. In hardiness, firmness of texture, and keeping properties, it is next to the ruta бага; but it requires shorter time of growth, and may be sown later. Consequently, it is valuable for sowing when ruta bagas have failed or were not sown in season.

*Large Yellow Scotch Aberdeen or Bullock.*—This, and its sub-varieties, are deservedly much esteemed and extensively cultivated in Scotland. The roots are large, smooth and handsome; of a flattish round form, firm texture, hardy, and keep well; very good for table use as well as for cattle. There are yellow, green, and purple top varieties of this turnip, with different names.

*Yellow Malta.*—This is a most excellent turnip for table use, when not overgrown or kept too long. The root is very flat, with a peculiar hollowed or concave form beneath—small neck and tap-root—flesh, a rich yellow color, tender and juicy.

*Yellow Attringham.*—This also is an excellent garden turnip. Form globular, a little flattened. Skin smooth, green above ground; flesh yellow, sweet and fine; very small neck and tap-root.

*Yellow Stone.*—Similar to the preceding; a much esteemed garden turnip.

*Early Yellow Dutch.*—Similar to the two last, but of a much quicker growth, and more suitable for early sowing and summer use.

*Seeds of several other, and newer kinds, may be obtained at the Seed Store, by any person disposed to give them a trial.* M. B. BATEHAM.

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## LEADING RULES FOR LAYING OUT AND PLANTING

### FLOWER-BEDS IN THE FRONT GARDENS OF STREET-HOUSES.

1. Where the space is small, and surrounded by trees and high walls, so as not to be open and airy, it is not desirable to form beds or borders round the margin of the plot, but rather to have only one bed in the centre, and the rest in grass.

2. Where the space is open and airy, either large or small beds may be formed; and it will generally be desirable to surround the whole plot with a narrow border. If the ground floor of the house is two feet or three feet above the level of the plot, then a figure, or collection of beds, may be laid out, which shall be looked down upon from the window as a whole; and, consequently, to aid this purpose, the beds ought to be

planted with low-growing plants, and, in general, to have the surface covered by them; each bed, in this case, being of only one kind of plant.

3. Where the rooms on the ground floor are on a level with the surface of the front garden, or nearly so, large plants may be employed in the beds, provided the beds also are large; because, as in this case, the beds cannot be looked down upon, and, consequently, their plan can never be taken in at one glance, they never can be seen as a whole from above. It is better, therefore, to use large plants, which, by growing of such a height as to form a whole, or group, when looked at laterally, will prevent the idea of a whole formed by the shapes and lines of the beds, when seen from above, having been intended by the planter.

4. In general, no figure or assemblage of beds of any degree of intricacy, and where the beauty is dependent on the shapes of the beds and their connexion together, should be formed where it cannot be looked down on so as to be seen all at once. In general, also, parterres, or assemblages of figures of this kind, should only be planted with very low plants, which will not obstruct any part of the outline of the figures; with the exception, however, of an occasional tall plant, such as a standard rose, to produce effect by contrast. It may be further observed, that, when plants are to remain permanently, such should be chosen as continue in flower for a long period (say two or three months,) in preference to such as complete their time of flowering in a short period, say two or three weeks. On the other hand, when flower beds are furnished with plants in pots plunged in the soil, with a view to changing them, and replacing them by others as soon as they have done flowering, plants which remain a short time in flower should be chosen; because these have, in general, a greater number of blooms expanded at the same time, and, consequently, while they last, they have a more brilliant effect. This is particularly exemplified in the case of bulbous flowers, and in certain annuals, such as candytuft, ten-week stock, &c.

5. Where a symmetrical figure is employed, beds which answer to each other in form and position ought to be filled with plants, either of the same kind, or of the same general appearance, and which flower at the same time: for example, a bed of mixed hyacinths can only be properly opposed to another bed of mixed hyacinths; but the mixtures need not be the same in both beds. A bed of the small dwarf blue lobelia, may be opposed to a bed of the blue anagallis, and so on.

6. Where it is desirable not to have more than one plant of a species, in a symmetrical figure consisting of various beds, the principle of symmetry may be preserved in planting, by placing each colour by itself. Thus, a bed of white flowers, consisting of ten plants of as many different species, may be opposed to another bed of ten other different species, also with white flowers.

7. The dug surface of beds formed on a grass plot ought either to be decidedly under the surface of the grass, or decidedly above its level, in order to increase the expression of art, and to take away from the common-place idea of merely digging down a portion of the turf of a particular shape, and planting it with flowers.

8. In the case of flower-beds on turf or lawn, where a regular gardener is not kept, the outlines of the beds ought to be formed by concealed brickwork, masonry, tiles, or slates; otherwise, every time the grass is mown, and the edges of the bed trimmed with the spade, and, especially, every time the beds are dug, their outlines will be liable to be put out of



shape. Where common bricks and plain tiles can be procured, the simplest mode of fixing the outline of the beds or borders is by forming an underground outline, if the expression may be used, by tiles or bricks laid on their broad sides, at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ , as shown in the section,

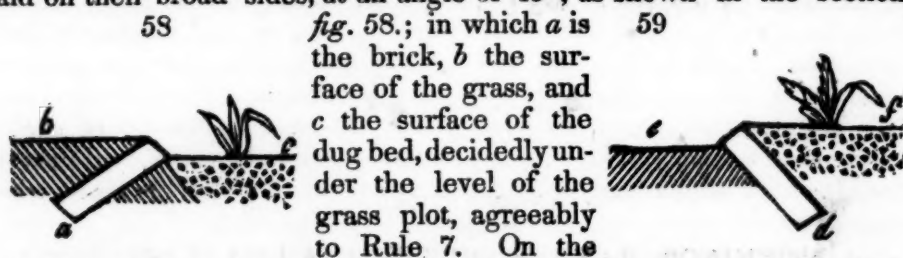


fig. 58.; in which *a* is the brick, *b* the surface of the grass, and *c* the surface of the dug bed, decidedly under the level of the grass plot, agreeably to Rule 7. On the other hand, when the surface of the dug bed is to be above the level to the turf, agreeably to the same rule, the brick should be placed as at *d* in fig. 59.; the turf kept to the level shown at *e*, and the surface of the bed to the level shown at *f*. When plain tiles are to be used instead of bricks, they may either be let into the ground perpendicularly, and their upper edge kept to the level of whichever surface is to be the highest, (viz. that of the grass plot, or the bed); or they may be laid sloping in the same manner as the bricks, which will form a very delicate outline, well adapted for beds in small front gardens. By using semicircular tiles, and inserting them perpendicularly in the soil, very neat curvilinear outlines may be formed; but such tiles cannot be used in a sloping direction, like bricks or plain tiles.

9. Were it is desired to express high art, every bed or border ought to be surrounded, or, if the border be against a wall, bordered on one side, with either a raised or depressed frame work of turf; or of stone, or bricks, or pebbles, flints, &c. Where the beds are raised, the plants grown in them should be such as do not require excess of moisture, and which thrive best in a free air; such, for example, as pinks. Where the beds are lowered, an excellent opportunity is afforded of growing plants which require more than ordinary moisture, especially when they are in flower; such as ranunculuses, polyanthuses, heart's eases, &c.

10. Borders of brick or stone, or other architectural materials, ought, in general, to be narrower than borders of turf, lest the force of contrast should be too great for the general effect.

11. When borders of box or other plants are employed to form margins to flower-beds on turf, they ought to be of several times the breadth which they are when employed to separate walks from gravel, in order to give them a distinctive character, and to produce sufficient force of effect to justify their use. Nothing looks worse than a narrow edging of box, surrounding a bed on turf; the narrow edge of box, appearing, in that situation, to be quite superfluous; and, its colour not contrasting with that of the grass, it has a dead dull appearance.

12. Where beds are surrounded by gravel walks, and edged with box, the latter ought always to be of such a breadth as to form a strongly marked line; and, though the sides of the edging may be clipped so as to give them a slope, and prevent their getting naked close to the surface of the ground, yet the top should always be cut quite flat and level.

13. Nothing looks worse in a flower-garden, than to have the box edgings narrow and high; except having the edges of turf margins so pared by the spade as to show the raw naked earth.

[Suburban Gardener.]

## TALES, SKETCHES, &C.

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For the Southern Cabinet.

### A MORNING'S RAMBLE OF THE IMAGINATION.

EACH succeeding year diminishes the number of our revolutionary relics, already nearly wasted away; and but a few more seasons can revolve ere the knell of the last survivor will be tolled, and we stand forth isolated—the last connexion severed that united us with the patriotic generation which achieved our independence. All who yet linger in this “vale of tears” have already passed the natural limit affixed to man’s life, by his Creator—and though they are soothed by the tender sympathy of a venerated progeny, and break the bread of a nation’s gratitude, yet are their comforts embittered by the pains of infirmity, for their strength is now but “labour and sorrow.”

Besides the feeling of individual loss sustained in the death of each of this small band—the pride and pensioners of my country—I regard each such event, as the extinction of a living record, of local and private anecdotes of our revolutionary struggle, which have not been deemed worthy of a place in grave, succinct history, but which, nevertheless, must all have their partial, if not general interest.

True, these may pass through a few succeeding generations as traditions, but even in that short career, they must meet with mutilations and deformities. I have often thought, (but I know that I am romantic, and often visionary,) that it would have been advisable for the the State Legislatures to appoint suitable persons to record all the authenticated or plausible incidents, which the memories of those witnesses, in each respective State could furnish, and which might promise to interest either the community at large, neighborhoods, or even families. The expense would not be very great, and would be sustained but once—and much that is now fading into obscurity, would stand forth revealed to the curiosity of endless generations.

Already do Carolinians travel over the sacred ground upon which our armies were encamped, skirmishes occurred, prisoners were taken or escaped, men were murdered, houses were burnt, spies were surprised, or soldiers were delivered by death, from the pain of previous wounds and illness, with the unconsciousness of ignorance.

Nothing save a Eutaw—a Cowpen—a Kirkwood—places which history written for the world, has made classic—can elicit notice from the passer, and cause his mind to revert to “times which tried mens souls,” and secured to him a free and happy home.

Even of our foes many incidents are forgotten, or known to but few, which it would be pleasant to know and remember: and at this moment I have one in my thoughts which has always affected me gloomily.

Among the British officers who most distinguished themselves at the battle of the Eutaw was a Major Majoribanks. The heat of the weather, fatigue of the day, and sickliness of the season and climate, conspired to throw him into a fever such as our low country has at all times been subject to. The British army was retreating to Charleston, which was at that time in the possession of their flag; and when arrived at Wantoot, the seat of a highly respectable old Huguenot family, situated about forty miles from the city, and now intersected by the Santee canal—his comrades were forced to leave that unfortunate hero nearly spent with disease, destitute of all comforts, deserted by hope and sympathy, and dependent upon the slaves whose dwelling he occupied, for food and assistance! One fortnight before he had saved the army of his Sovereign, (for so it was said,) and now his miserable, forlorn, and painful existence, was dependent for its prolongment upon the slaves of an enemy—of one, to enslave whom, though without moral guilt himself, he had left his own, perhaps, opulent and happy home. At length wasted by his fever, broken hearted with the idea of dying far from those, for whose love he had lived, and whose presence would have deprived Death of his most cruel sting, this noble, heroic soldier, and perhaps, dearly beloved son or lover, sank unwept, unsoothed, unknown into the grave. And, an humble grave it was. It is situated near the high-way which leads from Bigen church to Black Oak chapel, and for a miraculously long time, the spot was designated from the woody wilderness around, by a head-board fashioned out of a cypress plank which had been throwing about the plantation—the remnant of an indigo vat.—I say that this humble designation served its purpose, a miraculously long period, because it was the wonder of the neighborhood, that wood, partially buried, should have resisted the effects of so moist and warm a climate from 1781 to 1838, an interval of fifty-seven years. But time seemed to have laid a gentle hand upon the grave of him whom posterity has failed to honor. Alas, poor Majoribanks! I sigh not because no laurel waves over your grave; but because of your high ambition—your bright hopes—your gay anticipations; all—all crushed to the earth, because no father, mother, brother, sister, love, friend, comrade—wept o'er your sufferings, and smoothed your dying pillow! \*

I have been seduced into paying, thus digressingly, a short and feeble tribute to the memory of one who has ever been a favorite of my imagination; and whose supposed early happiness, and later real misfortunes, have occupied my youthful fancy many a moment while hovering around his solitary grave.

I now return to the Whigs of the Revolution, and shall occupy the rest of my paper with a tale of one whose life was less brilliant, but whose fate was equally unfortunate.

In former times—that is, previous to and during our revolutionary struggle, the Santee Swamp was not liable to the sudden and high freshets to which it has been subject in later years. The upper-country being then but very partially cleared and cultivated, the greater part of its surface was covered with leaves, the limbs and trunks of decaying trees, and various other impediments to the quick discharge of the rains which fell upon it, into the ravines and creeks leading into the river.

\* A son of the Wantoot family, whose heart is actuated by every noble and tender feeling, is about to substitute, I understand, a marble slab for the cypress plank. May nothing interrupt him in a labor so congenial.



Consequently, much of the water was absorbed into the earth, or evaporated, before it could be deposited into its channels; and even when there, so many obstacles yet awaited its progress, that heavy contributions were still levied upon it. The river too, had time to extend along its course the first influx of water, before that more remote could arrive at its confluence. Owing to these and other causes, the Santee, as I have said, was comparatively exempt from those freshets which have since blighted the prosperity of what was once a second Egypt. A breadth of seven miles of swamp, as fertile as the slime of the Nile could have made it, was safe for cultivation; and its margins were thickly lined with the residences of as happy a people as ever enjoyed the blessings of a kind God. Some there were who lived in the Swamp, and the scene of my anecdote was upon the very bank of the river, not far below the Eutaw creek, and on the same side. The spot alluded to, was the plantation and residence of a widow lady, whose only companion was a little orphan girl, and whose whole property consisted of her small landed estate and a few slaves. Her neighbors were not remote, but the troubled state of the times, and the difficulty of access to her dwelling, in the heart of the Swamp, had cut her off almost wholly from society ever since the landing of British troops at the South, and the division of the natives into Whig and Tory parties. This seclusion she might have boldly borne, for she was a friendly and sociable disposition, had her security not been enhanced by the retirement and obscurity which it threw over her abode and property.

And the conduct of the enemy in sacking houses, insulting the defenceless, carrying off and dispersing cattle, forcibly abducting slaves in the cropping season, and in some instances burning the dwellings of those particularly obnoxious to them, proved that this security could not be bought at too dear a privation. And if ever there was a home that ought to have endeared itself to a poor widow more than ever home did, it was this. The exceeding fertility of the soil rendered labor scarcely necessary to make it a wilderness of vegetable luxuriance; the great quantity of decomposing vegetable matter, and the myriads of insects incident thereto, and the abundant yield of seeds furnished by the rankest grasses and weeds, caused her poultry yard to overflow with a well-fed population; and the pastures of crab-grass and cane, which are yet proverbial, poured into her dairy, streams of the richest milk, and enlivened the scene at morn and even, with the lowing of herds of fat kine, which would not have disgraced the flesh-pots of Egypt. Nor were swine, in abundance, and countless fish of the finest quality from the exhaustless river, wanting to fill up the measure of the widow's comforts. Before the eye was spread, at the South and back, nature in all her majesty and beauty. Here the noblest of American forest trees, in all the perfection which prosperity can develope—there the same prospect farther removed, with a noble, placid river intervening; its slow, majestic course; its opposite low and beachy shore, luxuriantly fringed with the lovely, delicate, weeping willow, whose branches drooped languishingly into the softly gliding current.

On the east and west were seen nature and art co-operating to form as lovely and rich a prospect as ever caused the eye of the agriculturist to dance with hope. I have never heard a representation of comfort more perfect and even voluptuous in its exuberance, than that given me of the scene which I am attempting to describe, by one who had known and loved it.

It was my delight when a boy, to hear her tell how at evening the family, and perhaps some much loved guests, would sit in the humble porch, environed and entwined by roses, honey-suckles, woodbines, and jessamines, and enjoy the rich delights of a spring twilight, listening to the vesper songs of the feathered multitude, the stirring buzz of the busy bees as they carried their last load to their hives, the cackling of the poultry as they sought their proper resting place—the sad, monotonous wail of the whippoorwill, the lowing of the richly freighted cows, and the bleating of their eager young; and admiring the deep and gorgeous colors of the trees, shrubs, and plants, varied according to their different natures, and the mellowing influence of the fading light.

Nor would she forget to tell that trays of tea-curd, cheese, cream, straw-berries, dew-berries, bread and butter, were not wanting on these occasions to incite the stomach to a happy and complacent influence upon the imagination. But even the thoughts of that land of Goshen, with its streams of milk and honey, have caused me to linger by the way, and lose sight of the tragedy I sat out to narrate. It is short, however—for woe is soon told, if it be long felt—and shall occupy but a few lines.

I said that this retreat was almost entirely cut off, at the time I write of, from intercourse with the rest of the world; but there were still a few who occasionally sought its hospitality. Among these were two young men, cousins—by name Daniel and Robert McKelvey, who were wont now and then to fly from the fatigues and privations of the Continental army, to recruit in this garden of peace and plenty.

They were both talented youths, and of amiable dispositions, with good connexions, and competent fortunes. Robert was witty, humorous, and lively; but Daniel was sober, sensitive, and soft in feelings and in manners. The former was the more agreeable companion—the latter, perhaps, the most valuable friend.

It was when these young men were at this retreat, and while they were seated at a table, as welcome to the ill-fed partisans as it was bountiful in reality; and when the merry Bob was amusing the good widow, and the affectionate Daniel was caressing the little orphan who sat by his side, that the terrified negroes ran into the room with the alarming information that the "red coats" were approaching the house, through the corn-field in the east, and were not then fifty yards distant. The little party were thrown into the utmost confusion and dismay, and rushed to and fro as impulse drove them. The McKelveys ran to the back window, sprang to the ground, and dashed with the speed of youth, goaded by the love of liberty, for the river in the rear of the yard.

But nothing is swifter than the instrument of malice, nor more circum-spect than its foresight. First one—then another—and presently many muskets were heard, and poor Daniel McKelvey was seen writhing in torture on the ground. Robert held on his course amid the volley of balls which flew around him, and with an awful and heavy plunge threw himself from the high bluff into the deep channel, which here bore upon the bank and had worn a vast excavation in the shape of a crescent. But a moment elapsed ere the pursuers were on the high bluff, looking down upon the abyss below. They consisted of eight or ten English soldiers, conducted by a few Tories, the leader of whom was one Raburn, a former overseer of the McKelveys.

It was known to Raburn that Robert McKelvey could not swim; and this being announced by the traitor to his comrades, they left him, with oaths and imprecations, to his supposed fate. Daniel they carried into

the house, and threw upon the floor, while they proceeded to rifle the house, regardless of the widow's tears and the orphan's cries. But Daniel had been kind to the grateful little girl, and soon her little heart forgot in its love and pity, to flutter at the spoiler's frown. She seated herself upon the floor, took the sufferer's head in her lap, bathed his face in her tears, and plead with Heaven to succour him, who had been a kind friend to one who was "little," helpless, and an orphan.

Nor did the selfishness of the injured owner, long repress the benevolent impulses of the good Samaritan widow: the pillage and insults of the brutal Raburn and his followers, were soon swallowed up in the interest she took in the situation of their suffering victim.

So soon as this disgrace to human nature, but not uncommon character among the Tories of the Revolution, had secured every thing about the house, portable or valuable, had made arrangements for carrying off many of the slaves, horses, cattle, and what provisions the waggon and carts of the plantation could transport, he prepared to depart.—

"Daniel," said he, approaching the wounded youth, who still laid upon the floor, "can I do any thing for you? I am almost sorry for you, though you are a d—d rebel."

"Lay me upon a bed, and place my broken leg straight," replied the meek and christian patriot.

Upon an order from their leader, several of the men seized upon him, and tossed him on an adjacent bed, but left his shattered limb still unadjusted.

"Daniel," said Raburn, "I am going—perhaps I shall never see you again—will you shake hands? I have nothing against you, more than that you are a rebel."

His poor victim was past speaking, but he slowly placed his feeble hand into that of his murderer's. Thus did that amiable youth exhibit in his dying act, the power of principle in the hour of injury even, and put the final seal of mortal perfection upon a character ever lovely and pure.

It was mid-night—every sound was hushed—every light was extinguished save that which flickered, like his own spirit, in the room of the dying youth—and except the sufferer himself, and the two ministering angels who sat at his bed-side weeping, and watching his quivering and distorted countenance—all around were sunk into slumber and forgetfulness, when the door was gently opened, and Robert McKelvey cautiously approached the startled group. A look of recognition and satisfaction relaxed, for an instant, the countenance of the wounded man; but it was only for an instant, for in the next the livid paleness of death succeeded, and then the glassy eye stared vacantly upon a face which it knew no longer. Oh, Death! were it not in our loves and friendships, in what could you wound a victim not polluted by avarice and rebellion to God? Gloomy—awfully gloomy, was the remainder of that night—but it is passed away—as have nearly all those who dreamed it away in balmy, pleasant slumber—or groaned it away in anguish of body, or trouble of spirit, as shall pass away all that is "of the earth—earthly," save good and evil—the titles to Heaven and remorse.

It only remains for me to explain how Robt. McKelvey escaped a watery grave—and I am done.

I stated that he had plunged into the river where the current had borne strongly against the bluff, and had excavated deeply at its base.



It was just where, likewise, a tree had been undermined and cast into the water, the trunk was still attached to the bank by the roots, but the top with its half developed leaves rested upon the lingering fluid. It was under this that the fugitive was enabled to sustain and conceal himself—immersing his whole body, and hiding his face beneath the limbs and the trash which they had collected.

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For the Southern Cabinet.

NOTES OF AN EXCURSION FROM PHILADELPHIA TO JACKSONVILLE, (ILL.)—MADE IN THE SUMMER OF 1839.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 216.]

Steam-boat Maine, at Louisville, (Ky.) July 20th, 1839.

My last letter to you, dated 17th, was put in the post-office at Maysville, (Ky.) and I trust will reach you by due course of mail. We made but two hours stay at that place, which enabled me to see all that was worthy of observation there, and also to attend a religious service in one of their Churches in the evening. The town is situated on an elevated bank of the Ohio—has rather a pleasant aspect from the river, but is disgustingly deficient in cleanliness—not to notice the destitution of *taste* in all its buildings. Its population is estimated at about six thousand. We did not reach Cincinnati till nine o'clock the next day, owing to the low state of the river. The approach to that city is truly interesting. For miles before it came in sight, we observed a great improvement in the style of the farms and country seats; and when suddenly turning a bend in the river, it bursted upon our view, and presented a truly imposing spectacle. A flat of steam-boats lined the long-extended slope of its beautifully paved landing—extensive blocks of brick and stone buildings for stores and ware-houses, crowned its lofty summit—clouds of smoke and steam were ascending from its numerous factories, and the hum of business was every where loud and long.—But on ascending to the summit of the slope, you see presented before you in its broad and right-angled streets, its stately buildings—its cleanliness—its abundant supply of water—a second Philadelphia, differing only in its aspect from that city in the uneven surface of the ground on which it is built. It is, undoubtedly, the "Queen city" of the West, and though it has many rivals, I think will ever continue so. The census of the city is now in progress, and it is supposed will not be short of fifty-thousand. My time being very much limited in consequence of repeated detentions, I tarried but a little while in the city, and hurried out to see my brother. A ride of about two hours on a fine turn-pike road, near the bank of the river, east from the city, brought me to his dwelling. It was a new two story wooden building, with double piazzas in front and rear, painted white, in a neat white pailing

enclosure, with a fine young orchard of apple, and other fruit trees, to the right and left, situated on a pretty eminence overlooking his whole farm of one hundred and fifty acres.

Right gladly would I have spent another day with those dear relatives, but there was a necessity for my departure, and my brother, and sister R. accompanying me in their barouch to Cincinnati, I left them there yesterday at eleven o'clock, A. M., and taking the steam-boat Pike for this place, arrived this morning at sun-rise. Here, I had the happiness to overtake a second time my travelling companions, who had continued on board the *Maine*, and I was not long in transferring my trunk on board that boat, from which it will not be again removed, I hope, till we reach St. Louis. A detention of half a day here, has enabled me thoroughly to explore this city—for City it truly is, and one of great business, enjoying peculiar advantages over Cincinnati from its being at the head of the falls of the Ohio. It is not, however, so handsomely located, its site being less elevated and commanding; nor can it compare with the latter in the architectural taste of its buildings—its cleanliness, or its morals.—Still, among its public buildings I noticed, particularly, a new court-house of stone, a Presbyterian church with a splendid dome, and the “Galt House” hotel. These are second to none I have seen on this side the Alleghany mountains. The market also is a very superior one. But Oh, the state of morals! How deplorably low! Murders are of frequent occurrence. Two were committed last night; and the glaring display of swords, daggers, pistols, and bowie-knives, in many of the shop-windows, declares plainly, that the laws of violence, and not of God, are but too often resorted to in the settlement of disputes.

I find that so far from being able to give you a short account of the towns at which I stop in descending the Ohio, I shall not be able even to name these in this letter.—Leaving Louisville in the afternoon of the last date, we avoided the falls in the river, by a steam-boat canal two miles in length—a prodigious work! which cost the State one million and seven hundred thousand dollars. It is cut through a solid bed of lime-stone rock, in many places forty feet deep, and admits steam-boats of the largest class.

#### Mississippi River, July 23.

I seem to have realized the dreams of early boyhood, and gratified the growing desires of maturer years. I have seen the great Mississippi, “the father of rivers.” Just before sunset to-day, our steamer rounded the point of land formed by the junction of the two rivers—the site of the embryo city “Cairo;” and having the clear, transparent waters, of the beautiful Ohio, on the bosom of which I had for the last ten days sailed one thousand miles, we thrust forward through the rapid, turbid stream of the great “Mediterranean of the West.” My anticipations had been highly raised, and I was not disappointed. What a “river of waters!” For the three last hours I have been gazing upon the deeply impressive scene. I have seen the sun sink gloriously in the west behind the interminable wilderness of Missouri—the full moon rising in loveliness from the primitive, unbroken forests of Illinois, in the east. While stemming the mighty, impetuous stream, we traversed its majestic windings, sweeping away its alluvial banks and towering forest trees, hastening to be engulfed in the great ocean.

I have been detained on my journey far beyond the time I had allowed myself. We expect to reach St. Louis to-morrow, in twelve days from Pittsburgh—a voyage which is often made in six; but at this season it was unavoidable. Not a day elapses but we pass from five to six boats aground on the shoals, while we have never been aground but once, and that for only three hours, and are now beyond the reach of any such detention.

Jacksonville, Ill., July 28.

I have only time and room to say, that I reached St. Louis on Thursday morning—left there in the afternoon by steam-boat for the Illinois river, via Alton, reached Naples yesterday P. M., and left there this morning for Jacksonville, by rail-road and stage, where I have just arrived. I purpose spending the sabbath here, and visiting my lands on Monday—leaving on Tuesday for Mr. B's, and proceeding thence via Springfield and Peoria for Chicago, taking the steam-boat at that place.

My first impressions of Morgan County, (Ill.) and particularly of that portion of it of which Jacksonville is the centre, far transcends my most sanguine expectations. I do not think a finer country is to be found under the sun.

I remain yours, &c.

J. H.

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## HUNTING IN KENTUCKY.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 311.]

Well, I have bin pretty much like the fellow that worked three days on a piece of iron and steel for a broad-axe, and at last it came out a Frow, so I have bin so long at this confounded weding. But when I want to hear a thing, I want to hear the hole. So now for the *Deer Chase*; as we set down to breckfast, I proposed it and was seconded by three young men who insisted on its taking place immediately after eating, and as we got through, each fellow made for the stable to rig and fix his horse for the chase. All being ready, T. and the three young men mounted, I made an excuse to go back to the house. I tell you this is a captain of a gall, made right every where superxscilent in the part that most of them fail in, the foot and Paster Joint and the way she can handle it's a caution. I said a great many fine things before biding her adu, and then gumping into the saddle of a good horse, a fierce gallop brought me up to my companions in about two miles. They had stoped and was consulting, and determined to put one of the greatest punishments upon me, they could possibly have fixed on. This was to take one of the young men with me, and go to the two stands on the river; a thing which I positively despise, for give me the woods, the music of the Dogs, and a good horse, and I am never out of hearing, and very frequently in full view of the Chase. But go I must, it being as near from where we was to the stands on the river, as to the ground they had to go to start on. So we all put T. and two of the young men as



managers of the Chase, myself and the other to the Stands on the river, which was about a mile apart, I taking the uper stand it being the best, the Deer coming to it twice out of three times and always coming to one or the other certain, if not caught on the ground, this being the only place for miles up and down the river, but what there is large Bottoms and farms that prevents them runing through; here the river is about one hundred yards wide, and oposite where I set, for we allways get on the oposite from where the Deer comes in, was a long ridge which came from the main divide between the two rivers, runing down oposite to where I set to the rivers edge, and steep nearly to a perpendicular.

Just imagion to yourself, now, a fellow crouched down behind a big Sickamore, with a large Rifle across his lap, with his head reeling and noding almost to the ground, and now and then slap it takes the old Rifle Barle.—Alarmed, he gumps up, thinks the Deer and Dogs are down on him. He lisens, but he hears nothing but the thundering roar of the Back Step and Duble Shuffle of last night's frolic roaring through his head, with now and then the crash of the Coffee Pot and Clirise, and occasionally the softer Strains of the fiddle. But it was no go. He sets down again, and by straining and rubing his eyes manages to keep awake half an hour longer. Still hears nothing, gets nearly to sleep, something strikes his ear and he gumps to his feet. By the Heavens thats my Slut, a beautiful Black Tan, whose shrill note can be heard distinctly when all of the others are out of hearing. But not long are they out; here they come all in a bunch. Such roaring, good heavens, now they are in about a mile pouring rite down the ridge towards me. I stood with my gun cocked and eyes strained to the top of the ridge, with now and then cold Chills runing over me, and my Teeth chattering together like a fellow with an aguer fitt. In a moment they wheeled short to the left, right up the river through the heads of the hollows that run down to the Plantations. I was disappointed and fearful he would brake through them. But now he turns to the right from them. Heavens how the sound comes roaring down towards the river, as they run through the heads of the hollows above me. They are nearly out of hearing—Can it be possible its a stragling Deer that going to run them clear of—for they are running to the settlements above. No, here they are swinging to the right. Now they take the head of the ridge alone—the cry is changed from constant roaring to a quick and distinct yelping, every fellow dooing his Prettyest—now they are in about a mile, but no wheeling this time. My slut has quit her cry, I new she was in site of her game. Old fellow, you have made your run a most too long. Here they come, turning the top of the ridge together, Deer and all. A tremendous Buck, who bore off a large spice bush on his horns as he came down the hill, and the Dogs driving a lain plump through a thick patch of fall weeds that grew very tall. Carouse the Buck takes the river about fifty feet ahead of the slut, making the water fly fifteen feet high, and foaming as white as a sheet,—most of the dogs in after him, and crying as thick as when on land. About half way over I began to fix for shooting, when that cursed agur came on me again. I sited and shook so devlishly that my eye filled with water, and I had to take down my rifle. By this time it was getting close quarters, and an inner something said, 'Dont be a Dam fool Nat!' I raised gust as study, and taking sight to split him open right behind the shoulder as he swam

towards me. Bang went the Gun, and such a perpendicular gump, rite strait up in the water, you never did see; turning towards the other shore, with the bloody water rising out behind, and making it foam before like a small Steam Boat. Swimming rite through the dogs, but none of them getting hold of him. Pore fellow, he was domed to hard luck, for on the shore, that had not taken the water, stood two stout and powerful young Dogs barking and howling with eagerness to charge him the moment he struck Terafirma, which was not long, and with one bound he cleared the top of their hacks, taking rite up the hill, they after him with a rush, and the way the bushes cracked, and the rocks and chunks roared down the hill was curious—for a hundred yards neither gained, it was equal to any quarter race: at length I saw the shot began to tell, the Dogs gained fast, and amediately run into him. Down they came all in a heep, rolling and tumbling down towards the river, sometimes the Dogs on top, and then the Deer; soon the Dogs from the river runs up—the scuffie is over, the old fellow blates. I jumped into my little Canoe, crossed as quick as possible, runing up to where the Dogs had him on his cooling board cutting his throat, and then suck wild yells of delight you never did hear. I was presently joined by the hole company—each fellow telling his tale with delight about the chase. Well we soon happused him up before T. on his old gentle horse, and on our way home, which we reached in time for a fine venison Stake for super—nothing els occurring than T. occasionally cursing them fellows at the Weding—and swearing the hole skin was coming of his seat.

Well, besides hunting, we have all sorts of Fishing—we goit on the Gigg, Tralline and Hand line, and some have pretensions to reels; but that is spinning it out to two fine a hundred for me; if ever Natt fishes, let him set down by a deep hole, well baited with corn, with a long sweeping ash pole, about an eighteen footer, and stout line at the lower end, a heavy lead sinker then, about four inches above four large Hooks tied on back to back, then five inches still farther up, a lesser hook, on which I put my bait, a Doe Ball, the greatest bait in the world for Buffallow; then when they come up sucking and stealing my bait of alily; with a sudent girk I gam two or three of them big hooks slap rite into his under gaw quicker than shooting. That is what I call catching with Grabbs—no more, yours,

NATT PHILLIPPS.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you I was down and saw the Big race at Louisville, and got throughed tolerably flat, as every other Kentuckian should have none on *Gréy Eagle*, the greatest Colt ever foaled in the West, or almost any wher else: and *Wagner*, that Old Rambustificator, if ever he and *Boston* meets on any Western or Southern Course, this Child goes the biggest cind of a Cart-load of Pumpkins that "Old Arthur" cuts his Tobacco finer than he did the day *Duane* chased him.

NATT.

[*Spirit of the Times.*]

## THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

AN ADVENTURE IN ILLINOIS.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the Indian summer, that season which, particularly in the Western portion of our country, is of all others the most enchanting; the bright beams of the sun were tempered by the cool and refreshing breeze that ruffled with soft music the parti-colored foliage of the trees. All who have stood at this season of the year on the prairies of the West, with uncovered brow, will recal the beauty spread wide around them far better than I can describe it.

Seizing my rifle, I left my uncle Jonathan's log hut and wandered leisurely over the prairie in the direction of the wood. Having passed through a corner of the forest, I found myself near a small bluff upon the top of which I could plainly discern the stately outlines and branching antlers of a buck painted in dark lines against the horizon. Entering the skirts of the forest once more, I crept warily round the hill in order to approach unseen within hailing distance of the object of my pursuit. Stooping low, I hurried along behind the rugged line of rocks at the base of the hill until I reached a place from which I supposed I could command a prospect of the whole broad summit. Nor was I mistaken; for on peering carefully over the edge of the rock I beheld my game in fair view about a hundred yards distant, little suspecting an enemy, at least in that direction. Thrusting the muzzle of my rifle over the rock, I took a deliberate aim at his side and pulled the trigger. The quick, sharp crack of the cap alone followed. This was a disappointment; but quick as possible I cringed behind the rock, and, trembling with eagerness, sought for another cap. After consuming twice the time necessary, and scattering my caps in all directions upon the ground, I was at length once more in a state of preparation. My heart beat as I saw the majestic animal still occupying his former position, though with head erect, snuffing the breeze, and darting his lightning glances in every quarter, unknowing in what direction to flee to avoid the death. Again I pointed my iron and fired. The noble buck sprang into the air and I sprang over the rock. When I reached the spot his limbs were already quivering. In loading again, I found I had but one charge in my flask: so with all convenient haste, as it was now nearly sunset, I drew my long knife which formed an indispensable item in my hunting accoutrements, and having dissected the animal which I had slain, proceeded homeward, loaded with the skin and two quarters, which was all I could conveniently carry, and which, with my piece, formed a very respectable burden. Striking into a path which I supposed would conduct me by a nearer route through the forest, I hurried on with all the speed my load would allow. But after consuming sufficient time to have brought me out, I was somewhat surprised at discovering that instead of drawing near the opening, my path seemed to become less distinct as I advanced, and to conduct me farther into the depth of the forest. However, I pressed on with alacrity, deeming it sure that I should soon emerge, and knowing that to retrace my steps would only be conducting me in a course directly opposite to my home.

It was now growing quite dark in the wood, by which the indistinctness of the treacherous path I had followed was of course increased. When, standing still with doubt and uncertainty, the long-drawn howl of a wolf



came with fearful distinctness upon my ear. So suddenly it came, it pierced like a knell "the fearful hollow of my ear," announcing in a tone not to be misunderstood, the kind of companions I should be likely to have, should I be compelled to pass the night in the woody labyrinth—a prospect which, though by no means agreeable, seemed yet not improbable. Nevertheless, I resolved to proceed, and either to come safely out or to brave whatever dangers I might encounter with a manly heart. Wandering on as well as I might in my former direction, I soon found myself near a brook which murmured on through a shady dell, and immediately determined to follow it, satisfied that it must, sooner or later, conduct me into the open world once more. It was now after sunset, and so dark that I could scarcely see to pick my dubious and fearful way. I would have lightened myself of my burden, but the increased howling of the wolves, which seemed to be gathering in a body behind me, warned me that it might soon become my only protection. You may be sure that these not musical but most melancholy notes tended not to diminish my speed or trepidation, and I seemed to be chasing down the little brook with all the demons of the pit crowding and yelling behind me.

Presently I could detect a discordant note among the voices of this infernal choir, which I knew at once to be the cry of the panther, than which I would rather have met in generally assembly all the wolves of the forest. Notwithstanding the increase of speed caused by the last unpleasant discovery, it availed me so little that I could soon distinguish the rustling of leaves and crackling of dry branches, and presently after, the measured bounds of the panther struck plain upon my ear and to my heart. When it seemed to my frightened fancy that I could almost feel the monster's hot breath upon me, and see in the dark the glare of his eyeballs, I procured a temporary reprieve by dropping one quarter of my fine buck, which I had intended for a far different purpose. However, I well knew that he would delay only to return with increased ferocity after his repast. I quickened my pace, if that were possible, straining every nerve with a faint hope of gaining the edge of the wood before I was again placed in so dangerous vicinity to my pursuer, but in vain: I could soon distinguish again his lengthened bounds, each one bringing him nearer and nearer.

When he approached so near that I considered him too familiar, I again baited him with my venison. This I did till my load was gone; and, instead of being satisfied, the fierce animal seemed but to have sharpened his appetite for a richer repast. When I had dropped the last remaining fragment, my means of defence or escape seemed to have been exhausted. However, I resolved to climb with all haste into the first tree which would admit of it, and defend myself as well as I could with the sole remaining charge in my rifle.—By good fortune I immediately discovered one which answered my purpose very well. It was of a middling size, and destitute of branches for some twenty or thirty feet from the ground. I found no difficulty in climbing it with gun in hand, as my short sojourn in the country had made me quite an adept at many such indispensable accomplishments.

I had no sooner seated myself on the first bough, ready with my gun, than I could hear my late acquaintance bounding forward again, and soon, by the dim light that had enabled me to discover the tree, discerned his form alternately ascending and descending, leaping high into the air,

and it seemed to me, full twenty feet forward each time. It did not in the least puzzle his sagacity to comprehend that the trail he was following came to a very abrupt conclusion; for after running several times round the tree, he finally settled himself down beneath it, and raised such a tremendous yelp that in spite of all my attempts to wear a brave heart and yield as little as possible to terror, this, with the long and quavering cry of the approaching pack, could not but run like iron through my blood. Much to my astonishment, the wolves seemed content to occupy the background. This was soon explained by the appearance of another panther. These two formidable enemies occupied the ground alone, while the murderous but cowardly wolves slunk back into the obscurity of the woods.

Upon this new arrival, the two seemed for a short time to be holding an infernal council. Soon one of them started and ran off, while the other remained crouching beneath the tree. I was at a loss to comprehend precisely what this movement might import, though I could in any case only remain quiet, with my rifle ready poised. It was difficult to resist the temptation of firing at the remaining one, but I resolved to preserve my last charge in case of a greater emergency.

I now had leisure to plan every method of escape that my invention could devise. Other reflections by no means so pleasant would persist in intruding themselves. I had retained this position but a few minutes, when I heard a slight crackle of a dry branch in another tree distant two or three rods from the one I was in. I darted my eyes in that direction, and there, crouched on a limb a little higher than the one I rested on, I could plainly see the other panther in the very act of springing upon me. Quick as thought I drew up my rifle and fired. The sudden glare shot far into the bosom of dim night, and lit up the woods for a moment like a flash of lightning. I could fancy it reflected from a thousand wild eyes that were gleaming in anxious expectancy upon me.

But there was slight opportunity for reflection. As the panther, at the moment I fired, was on the point of springing, the impetus sent him forward and downward, so that he struck his claw upon the limb where my feet rested. For a moment he struggled to retain his grasp, and then fell dying to the ground. The other panther set up a dismal howl, and then started off in a similar manner with the first, and, I doubted not, with a similar intention. As soon, therefore, as he was out of sight, I slipped hastily from the tree, threw away my rifle, and started with all the speed desperation could lend. I still ran down the brook, that being my only hope—though my heart told me that even that was but slight.

I could soon perceive by the howling that the wolves were again in fresh pursuit. I had ran on now for nearly half an hour, keeping in advance of the wolves, who had not the courage to attack me, when I again heard the measured bounds of the panther. My heart sank within me, and I was almost in despair, when I thought I caught a glimpse of the sky through the trees before me. I now strained every nerve, inwardly praying that this might be the case. If it was, I knew it was safe; otherwise, I could see no probable way of escape. The panther seemed to be aware of the necessity of putting forth a last effort, and gained upon me even faster than before. I could not turn to look, but I was well aware that every leap brought him nearer to me. At last I reached some thick firs, and one bound from them brought me into the open moonlight. There was a house not fifty rods from the place where

I was. I knew the place at a glance. It was a mill upon the brook I had followed, situated about ten miles from my uncle's whence I started. The panther followed me half way to the house towards which I struck with all speed. As I burst open the door, and found that I was so quickly transported from the most imminent danger to a place of security, the revulsion of my feelings was so powerful that I fell headlong upon the floor in a swoon. However, I was among friends and lacked no needful attention, and the next day was ready to hunt again—taking the precaution, however, to examine my powder-flask before I started.

*Middlebury, (Vt.), April 26, 1839.*

S. G. G.

[*New-Yorker.*

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**For the Southern Cabinet.**

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Oh! spirit of the air, who lov'st to mount  
The foaming wave, and guide its wild foot-steps,  
To thy capricious will—to tune sublime  
Ocean's silver lyre, and, with bold fancy,  
To dictate his vast hymn—surely thou  
Of all who glide over the earth's green path  
The vision of the Father hast enjoyed,  
And felt the presence of divinity.—  
'Twas when first he stretched out his plastic arm,  
Spoke, and tamed the independent chaos.  
Thy fierce summons the giant clouds obey,  
And in meekness, the lidless stars submit  
To thy decree, their everlasting eyes.  
Yet thy large favour to rehearse remains—  
The yellow orphan leaf lowly fallen,  
Rustles to receive thy motherly blessing!  
The nursing choristers of the forest,  
From their organic throats, sweetly proclaim  
Thy harmonious care, tending their song;  
And in thy free embraces humanity  
May dream the equality of heaven.  
But oh! my modest love must own thy smile,  
When soft thou fan'st a charm from Sarah's cheek,  
And lightly brings't the unbought bliss to me.

*Charleston, S. C.*

P.



For the Southern Cabinet.

## FRANCIS OLDERBY.

A TALE.

BY A PLAIN GENTLEMAN.

I.

MANY among us criminally neglect the early education of our offspring. Many are ignorant, or regardless, of the relation in which parent stands toward child. The consequences of this evil we daily witness, and yet we seem to be not a whit the wiser or better.——We propose, in the following tale, to show its bad fruits—and if our labour is not rewarded with some good effects, we at least hope to deserve them.

In the city of Baltimore, many years ago, there lived a wealthy broker. He was a widower, with one child—a handsome little boy, about seven years old. At the death of this youth's mother, the father left the formation of his tender character to the hands of an elderly maiden lady and a very indulgent school-master. Without bestowing further attention on his son, his time was occupied in the brokerage and shaving shop, displaying in this lucrative employment, much exquisite cunning and ready tact. Riches daily increased with bountiful luck, and he imagined himself likely to become one of the most wealthy, and happiest of men, in the world. After break-fast hour he was often observed, with a rich Spanish mantle laying gracefully over his broad shoulders and capacious chest, walking up and down one of the most business streets of Baltimore, and past his own door. Not a thought of little Frank's moral welfare entered his head. Money—money—money! was the only subject of his cogitations; and like a shark did he drift on in the wake of other men's fortunes, ready at any moment to prey upon their miseries and buy their birth-rights wet with many scalding tears. In the mean-time little Frank began to show the effects of early neglect. Besides keeping the house in much confusion, and annoying every body who crossed his path, he fell into the habit of frequently making levies on his "daddy's purse," which was almost as disagreeable to the old man as the operation of blood-letting. The father, however, glad to rid himself of these importunities, and actuated also by parental love, satisfied his child's demands in a great measure. This was the principal cause of his ruin.

The world wagged on thus with Mr. Olderby, until his son's wickedness and tricks grew with his person, arriving at such a fearful magnitude, that the old man was disposed to view him as more of a man than a boy devil. His demands for money daily increased. In time he had his mistress, sported a race-nag, drove a coach and two, with the most gaudy equipage, owned the best trained dogs in the country, took snuff with the air of a Clias, patronized the fine arts, and professed to be a tip-top exquisite. Frank knew how to humour and wheedle his blind and negligent parent into these extravagant compliances—and though the old man shrugged his shoulders, he nevertheless proved himself void of moral courage sufficient to arrest the course of these evils.

The old man having to pay a visit in a street which was generally filled with handsome and dressy women pursuing the amusement of

shopping, observed Master Frank Olderby, scarce nineteen years of age, dressed *a la* Brummell—ogling, eyeing, and bowing to the fair sex with the most captivating gallantry. Frank caught a sight of his father, and instead of recognising him with that respect and affection which a child should evince toward a parent, with much impudence and effrontery, lifted a gold mounted quizzing-glass to his eye, exclaiming to a friend who had hold of his arm, "George, 'pon close inspection, if that old covey don't resemble my daddy, demme."

"What," said his friend, "that old fellow with the pimple 'pon side of his nose?"

"The same."

"Hah, hah, hah!" reiterated from these two young hopefuls, while the old man, not wishing to expose himself in the street, passed by them, and plodded his way home burning with rage and mortification. On arriving at the door the handle gave way as if electrically to his touch, and he entered, throwing his hat passionately on a sofa, and bawling at the top of his lungs: "Where's that d—d old house-keeper. William? Call her instantly.——Yes, 'tis she; that shrivelled, toothless hag, has done all this. I imagined her the pink and essence of chaatity and rectitude; but she has filled my child's head with lewdness, effeminacy, and God knows what all.——Zounds, but I'll trace this affair to its source. To see my money wasted in this manner—money that cost me many a hard tug and much anxiety of mind; and, worst of all, to see my child insult me in the public street and make me the jest and butt of his peacock acquaintance. I'll never suffer it in this world. No. He shall be sent away from a place where the very air is contaminating to a young man's morals. College shall be his destination. I shall also direct a letter to the president of the institution. I'll fix the young saucebox. And the chaste, demure Miss Bridget, shall take up her quarters in some other house. She shall no longer remain under my comfortable roof. She departs to-day, and spend-thrift Frank to-morrow. Good nature, forsooth! an easy horse is invariably rode to death. My forbearance has cost me this trouble."

The old house-keeper entered at this moment with a "Did you call Mr. Olderby?"

"Did you call Mr. Olderby?"—Yes, Mr. Olderby called, to let you know, Madam, that you pack up this moment, up sail, and put out of my house, or I'll know the reason in short order."

"Oh, dear—oh, dear! I'm almost fainting! Oh, the brute—oh, the woman-hater! the miser—he that heeds not the orphan's cry, nor the widow's tear.——To think that my maiden modesty should be put to such a trial. Infamy and destruction light on you.——A base, vile creature, you are, Sir, to insult and wound the sensitive breast of a poor defenceless woman. Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

After much crying and sobbing, Mr. Olderby at length had an opportunity to speak. The venerable Miss Bridget finding that her tears and abuse had no effect on the callous heart of the money-scrivener, whose eyes looked daggers and steel-traps instead of beaming with "soft pity," she proceeded to regulate her curls and dress, which were in a sad condition. The powder and paint which she had liberally coated her interesting countenance with, now saturated from a copious shower of tears, lay in seams over her withered cheeks. Her eyes inflamed from the severe effort which she underwent to cry, resembled the peepers of

a drake—and her finely starched and prepared lace cap, ornamented with sundry gay and fanciful ribbons, betrayed too truly the sad effects of Mr. Olderby's cruelty.

"Madam," said the money-scrivener, looking as severe as possible, "you need not think to intimidate me: particularly when I'm in my own house. Madam, I let you know, that I'm no fool. I know the world—every tittle of it—can dissect the human heart—can read your hypocrisy: yes, your hypocrisy! Do you think that you can pretend to faint and cry and kick up a hulla-baloo here, with success to your designs? No, Madam. Its all gammon; and your face can index and counterfeit the human passions with as much ease and facility, as my old dog can tree a 'coon, or a chameleon can suit its colour to the objects around it. It's all nonsense, Madam, so you'd better depart from my house peaceably."

"But what, in the name of Heaven, have I done, Mr. Olderby, to deserve this shameful and ungentlemanly treatment?"

"Done!—Why ruined Frank! Whispered lewdness, and every other kind of wickedness, that an evil-minded woman could invent, in his ears."

"Me whisper lewdness—me, who out of the veriest modesty have refused and turned off scores of admirers—have stoically listened to their chaste and melodious poems, soft breathing flutes and love sighs! There was Lieut. Bradenough, who pushed himself in the foremost ranks of danger and honour, during our late war, to win laurels to throw at my feet, whom I refused, and he shot himself in consequence thereof. There was—"

"D—n all that. I don't want to hear a sentence of it. Just take whatever belongs to you, and leave my house. I say you're a woman of unsound character."

"Unsound character! Oh, thou base slanderer—thy breath is as poisonous as a viper's tooth. Oh, dear—oh, dear! To think that I've lived so long and correctly—and to be robbed of my fruit in the wintry time of an amiable and well-spent life, by a contemptible, selfish money-scrivener. Oh, Bradenough! Bradenough!! BRADENOUGH!!! would that you were here to right my wounded honour, and make this base cur tremble for these foul and low aspersions!"

"Bah! old woman, demme, but—"

Here Master Frank entered; and was not a little startled at the scene before him. Nevertheless, regaining his self-possession, he carefully gave his hat and cane to the servant, and with all the *sang froid* of practical impudence, pulled off his gloves leisurely, and placed them also in the keeping of the waiting-man. Thus disrobed of these fashionable trifles, he confronted his father with a daring gaze, while one hand richly studded with jewelled rings, the trophies of some conquests he had made over women's hearts, was employed in gathering up and arranging around his clear and smooth fore-head, curls which had excited the admiration and envy of many a fair one's breast. The old man eyed him as an insulted man and a father. There appeared to be a chaos of many emotions in his breast—a world of passions spoke their language in his eyes even in a short moment; yet, notwithstanding all this, filial love struggled for the pre-eminence, and finally gained the mastery. Miss Bridget waited in anxious expectation for the developement, giving



her worthy pupil a motion of her fan by way of encouragement, and adding a sympathetic leer of the eye to her motions.

"Frank!" said the old man in as stern a tone of voice as the circumstance of his feelings would permit, "Frank, I say—don't you hear me?"

"Dad! what dost thou want, dear Dad?" said Frank drawlingly.

"I want you to listen to me, Sir; and attentively too, for a moment—do you hear?"

"Hear, Sir!—why I must have no ears not to hear such a vulgar noise. The harsh tones of your voice have, I solemnly declare, made me quite nervous. Why they are worse than the notes of a trambone, or a coach-driver's horn. Shocking, I pronounce it to be; and let me furthermore assure you, Sir, that you will never make a gentleman, that is to say, an *exquisite* man of fashion, or in other words, you will never be admitted into *polite* circles, or be numbered among the *haut ton* and *elite* of the day, while these *vulgar* peculiarities speak their power in your eye and articulate their mandate from your lips, distorting the sweetest features of nature into the most hideous characters of deformity. Furthermore, I would assure you, my dear, dear Dad, that—"

"Stop there, if you please, Sir, and—"

"A *vulgar* interruption this, I assure you—decidedly vulgar to interrupt a person in the middle of their discourse, and unworthy of a gentleman. I protest it is, Sir—and furthermore would—"

"Silence I say, Sir, and obey me while I am free from passion. Zounds, but I can't contain myself much longer."

"Well, Sir, as it is both politic and reasonable that the weak should submit to the strong, I must cry quits; but, nevertheless, you do your son an unpardonable indignity. I feel the insult sensibly—and, furthermore, I would—"

"Will you be silent, Sir, and obey your parent—your only and kindest of parents—too kind, alas! for you, you saucy and soft-headed coxcomb. What am I, Sir? Am I your father, Sir, or am I your servant—your foot-ball, to kick about at your pleasure, Sir? Tell me.——Ay, I see it all. My friend advised me correctly: and a stubborn and too indulging old fool have I been not to harken to him. I see my error plainly. That old lanterned jaw school-master, his fulsome and wheedling flattery, in conjunction with this d—d old baggage alongside of me here—(Leave the room, Madam)—has done all this—"

"And so I will leave your room, you vulgar old brute. You never heard the song did you, which applies so appropriately to your conduct! I will recite a part of the poem for your special gratification. The poet beautifully says:

'Is there a man can mark unmoved  
Dear woman's tearful eye?  
Oh! bear him to some distant shore  
Or solitary cell,  
Where nought but savage monsters—'

"If you don't leave the room, *Lady* Bridget, you'll make me forget that you are one of the *fair* sex, turn *monster* and make your romance *reality*."

"I can keep silent no longer, Sir; and protest against this ungallant and vulgar proceeding.——What; insult a female!—one of that angelic sex, whom my heart, alas! adores too fondly. Too fondly, did I say?"

By our Lady, it is a lie—a foul lie, though of my own fabrication. They deserve more attention and love than I am able to bestow; and he that insults them is no man, barring *gentleman*, but is a—demme, I don't know what term is bad enough to fix on him; he is an inhuman monster—an ass—a cannibal—and as Miss Bridget has just beautifully recited, should be borne to some distant—”

“Why, thou mushroom—thou compound of disobedience and vanity—thou ungrateful dog, do you side with this old, shrivelled, toothless belzebub, against your legitimate father?”

“Belzebub to your teeth, thou jackal—hyena!”

“Leave the room I command you again, you wanton, hypocritical hag.”

And the old man seizing his cane, caused Miss Bridget to move out of the room in a brisk pace. Frank's ideas of gallantry here reached their climax; and at the utmost strength of his lungs, with the rod of correction suspended over his head, he stoutly supported Miss Bridget's position. His back soon bore the evidence of his father's rage; and he stood silently before him, with a heart swollen to bursting, and the big tears of a keen grief stealing down his velvet and roseate cheeks.

“Take that, you undutiful, wicked boy,” said the old man, laying his cane aside.

“Yes, father! I have taken it to my heart. No poignard could inflict a keener pang than that disgraceful blow. It is the first time, to my recollection, you have ever struck me. Had you corrected me in my youth, I would have submitted to my punishment as a child, and thanked you for it in after life; but as it is, Sir, you neglected my early education, and now correct me for faults for which you alone are answerable, and merit, for your carelessness and neglect, the very damnable stripes that glow on my creeping and rebellious flesh. Kill me, Sir, if you like—you cannot do me a much severer injury than that already inflicted. The wound will cancerate my heart, and follow me to the grave—a lasting curse it will be to my happiness, beyond the power of time and circumstance to heal.”

“A fine speech, thou viper. Though black with ingratitude, it is nevertheless too true, and I deserve it all. Speak on, thou modern sage—thou eloquent monitor—curse me for my kindness, do. Spare not thy poison. Say on—say on—I'm all attention.”

“I will only say a few words more, Sir, and close my lips in silence. —Father, I'm on the verge of manhood—therefore, I have a manly sense of disgrace and wrong, manly pride and honour. I cannot see my own faults, though many appear visible to your eye. If I possess them, they are blended with my nature by this time—they are my native element—a congenial atmosphere to my very existence.”

“Fine logic this, truly,” said the old man, “so fine and to the purpose that I wish to hear no more of it. I cannot bear rebuke from the lips of my own child.”

Frank was silent and downcast. His eyes rested on the carpet, and his fragile form was quivering with grief—like the proud bird of the mountain, when brought down and wounded by the hunter's cruel fire, stands pensive and trembling, and robbed of its beauty and glory. The old man raised his eyes, and they for a second rested sternly on him; but that glance gave place to the feelings of an indulging parent.—

“My boy—my only child—my Frank—come to your Father's arms!”

Frank made an effort to approach him; but nature, asserting her power in his wounded feelings, forbade the concession. His eyes rolled wildly, and his face paled with agony, and he fell backward on the floor in severe convulsions. This was a severe trial for the father. Bereft of reason, he gazed wildly on the quivering form, and foaming lips of his child, without making an effort to relieve him, or calling in the assistance of his servants. For a few moments he remained in this situation, his lips compressed, and his brow covered thickly with drops of perspiration; and when recovering from this mental distress, he looked vaguely around as if awaking from a dream, seized his boy eagerly up in his arms, and gazed with fondness on his features, which now resumed their rational expression. Their eyes met—tears started from the fountains of their hearts, and mingled together in one stream of love and forgiveness.

"My boy," said Mr. Olderby, after a moment or two of painful silence, "you treat your father shabbily—but my feelings will not permit these reflections at present. I wish you to examine several bills which were handed in at my compting-room yesterday. Here they are. If correct, there amounts shall be discharged—but I will pay no more that you may contract without my permission."

"They are correct," said Frank after running his eye over them; and shrinking from the fixed gaze of his father.

"Don't you feel that you have acted wrong, Frank, in incurring these debts?"

Silent with shame, no answer came from his lips; and the old man continued—"I have now to inform you, that to-morrow you start for the institution I mentioned to you a few days ago."

Frank made a bow of compliance, and silently followed his father as he left the room.

## II.

The morning star had scarcely retired, when the house of Olderby became a scene of bustle and confusion. The old man's carriage was to convey Frank to a stated distance, from which place he was to take stage. Consequently, as it was a long ride, there was little time to waste. The cook was in business "up to her eyes," and, as it was early day, waiting men and maids flew about the house, bearing lights in their hands, reminding a spectator of the incendiaries of Moscow. Olderby and his son were soon dressed, and down stairs in close conversation, while the commotion went on more rapidly about the premises. The carriage was outside, and the footman having stowed away the last package of a goodly and cumbrous assortment, turned round to wait his young master's pleasure, with perspiration, in big drops, trickling down his cheeks. The horses pricked up their ears, pawed the ground, and while they snuffed up the sweetness of morning, seemed also to partake of the spirit of the occasion.

The old man was engaged in impressing something very particular on his son's attention, when he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Miss Bridget.

"Madam," said he with much coolness.

"Sir, I must claim your indulgence."

"In what manner, Madam?"



"To speak a few parting words to the child I have raised, and whom my heart loves."

"'Tis granted, Madam," said Mr. Olderby; and he left the room.

Frank and his fostermother were not long in communion, when they were separated by the appearance of a servant, who announced breakfast. Mr. Olderby soon followed, telling him of the lateness of the hour, and warning him of the rapid flight of time. The old lady's face was wet with many tears, and her countenance spoke the language of even a filial affection. She gazed on him again and again—her every look gained increased affection and dotage, until she fell on his delicate shoulders, with her arms around his neck; and he, fragile youth, actually staggered, and his thin legs trembled under the load of even this offspring of celibacy. Although an old maid, and to the eye thin and meagre, yet to the muscles she was a motherly morsel of human flesh. Her bones, no doubt, constituted the chief weight of her person.

"Frank," said the old man, "you must attend instantly, or all our trouble for to-day is lost."

"Will Miss Bridget breakfast with us?"

Miss Bridget complied, and they were soon arranged around a table in the parlour.

Frank ate very little, the old lady less, and the old man barely tasted his coffee, reserving his fast until the departure of his son, and the anxieties and confusion of the moment had passed over.——They rose from their chairs; and the old man looking at his watch, told Frank, that according to his estimation of the distance he had to ride before reaching the stage-office, he had but five minutes to spare. Frank was soon ready, and bade his father and Miss Bridget farewell.

"Are all my things in?" said he to the footman.

"Yes, Sir."

He was soon in the door, and it was as soon closed after him. The footman mounted behind, and the driver, with a peculiar air of consequence, asked if all was ready? Having received the affirmative monosyllable, his whip was soon applied to a pair of symmetrical and well matched trotters; and in "the twinkling of an eye," the venerable Miss Bridget and Mr. Olderby found themselves looking at no other objects but the houses, lamp-posts, signs, &c. and their very dignified and honourable selves. The old man looked dry and vague at her and she modestly at him. They appeared to understand each other.

"Good morning, Sir," said she.

"Good morning, Madam," reiterated he in almost the same breath, and came in and closed the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE COFFIN.

BY ST. LEGER L. CARTER, OF VIRGINIA.

THE Coffin is come! 'tis a dreadful sound;  
 And tears are gushing anew;  
 For the Family, wrapp'd in grief profound,  
 Have caught that sound as it flew.  
 It sendeth a shock to each aching heart,  
 Suspending with awe the breath;  
 It says that the living and dead must part,  
 And seems like a second death.

Now heavy and slow is the bearers' tread,  
 Ascending the winding stair;  
 And the steps which are echoing over head  
 Awaken a wild despair.  
 They knew by the tread of those trampling feet  
 They're lifting the silent dead,  
 And laying him low, in his winding sheet,  
 In his dark and narrow bed.

Come follow the corpse to the yawning grave;  
 The train is advancing slow:  
 See children and friends and the faithful slave  
 In a long and solemn show.  
 Hark! hark! to that deep and lumbering sound  
 As they lower the coffin down!  
 'Tis the voice of earth—of the groaning ground,  
 Thus welcoming back her own.

Now—ashes to ashes! and dust to dust  
 How hollow the coffin rings!  
 And hands are uplifted to God, the Just,  
 The merciful King of Kings—  
 "Farewell forever! Forever farewell!"  
 I heard as the crowds depart,  
 And the piteous accents, they seem to swell  
 From a torn and broken heart.

[*Southern Literary Messenger.*]

## THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

"Whose bullet on the night air sang?"—*Bride of Abydos.*

I had scarcely put my foot in the stirrup before an aid-de-camp from the commander-in-chief galloped up to me with a summons to the side of Washington. I bowed in reply, and dashed up the road. The General-in-chief was already on horseback, surrounded by his staff, and on the point of setting out. He was calm and collected, as if in his cabinet. No sooner did he see me than he waived his hand as a signal to halt. I checked my steed on the instant, and lifting my hat, waited for his commands.

"You are a native of this country?"

"Yes!—your excellency."

"You know the roads from M'Conkey's ferry to Trenton—by the river and Pennington—the byeroads and all."

"As well as I know my alphabet," and I patted the neck of my impatient charger.

"Then I may have occasion for you—you will remain with the staff—ah! that is a spirited animal you ride, Lieutenant Archer," he added smiling, as the fiery beast made a demi-volt, that set half the group in commotion.

"Your excellency—"

"Never mind," said Washington, smiling again, as another impatient spring of my charger, cut short the sentence. "I see the heads of the columns are in motion—you will remember," and waiving his hand, he gave the rein to his steed, while I fell back bewildered into the staff.

The ferry was close at hand, but the intense cold made the march any thing but pleasant. We all, however, hoped on the morrow to redeem our country by striking a signal blow, and every heart beat high with the anticipation of victory. Column after column of our little army defiled at the ferry, and the night had scarcely set in before the embarkation began.

At last we crossed the Delaware. The whole night had been consumed in the transportation of the men and artillery, and the morning was within an hour or two of dawning before the last detachment had been embarked. As I wheeled my horse on the little bank above the landing place, I paused an instant to look back through the obscurity on the scene. The night was dark, wild, and threatening—the clouds betokened an approaching tempest—and I could with difficulty penetrate with my eye, the fast increasing gloom. As I put my hand across my brows to pierce into the darkness, a gust of wind, sweeping down the river, whirled the snow in my face and momentarily blinded my sight. At last I discerned the opposite shore amid the obscurity. The landscape was wild and gloomy. A few desolate looking houses only were in sight, and they scarcely perceptible in the shadowy twilight. The bare trees lifted their hoary arms on high, groaning and screaming in the gale. The river was covered with drifting ice, that now jammed with a crash together, and then floated slowly apart, leaving scarcely space for the boats to pass. The dangers of the navigation can better be imagined than described—for the utmost exertions could often just prevent the frail structures from being crushed. Occasionally a stray fire would be heard shooting shrilly over the waters, mingling feebly with the fiercer piping of the winds—and anon the deep roll of the drum would boom across the night, the neighing of a horse would float from the opposite shore, or the crash of the jamming ice would be heard like far off thunder. The cannoneers beneath me were dragging a piece of artillery up the ascent, and the men were rapidly forming on the shore below as they landed. It was a stirring scene. At this instant the band of the — regiment struck up an enlivening air, and plunging my rowels into my steed, I whirled him around into the road, and went off on a gallop to overtake the General's staff.

It was now four o'clock, and so much time had been consumed that it became impossible to reach our destination before daybreak, and consequently all certainty of a surprise was over. A hasty council was therefore called on horseback to determine whether to retreat or not. A few minutes decided it. All were unanimous to proceed at every peril.

"Gentlemen," said Washington, after they had severally spoken, "then we all agree—the attack shall take place—General," he continued,



turning to Sullivan, "your brigade shall march by the river road, while I will take that by Pennington; let us arrive as near eight o'clock as possible. But do not pause when you reach their outposts—drive them in before their ranks can form, and pursue them to the very centre of the town. I shall be there to take them in the flank—the rest we must leave to the God of battles. And now, gentlemen, to our posts." In five minutes we were in motion.

The eagerness of our troops to come up with the enemy was never more conspicuous than on the morning of that eventful day. We had scarcely lost sight of Sullivan's detachment across the intervening fields, before the long threatened storm burst over us. The night was intensely cold; the sleet and hail rattled incessantly upon the men's knapsacks; and the wind shrieked, howled, and roared among the old pine trees with terrific violence. At times the snow fell perpendicularly downwards—then it beat horizontally into our faces with furious impetuosity; and again it was whirled wildly on high, eddying around and around, and sweeping away on the whistling tempest far down into the gloom. The tramp of the men—the low orders of the officers—the occasional rattle of a musket were almost lost in the shrill voice of the gale, or the deep, sullen roar of the tortured forest. Even these sounds at length ceased, and we continued the march in profound silence, increasing as we drew nearer to the outposts of the enemy. The redoubled violence of the gale, though it added to the sufferings of our brave continentals, was even hailed with joy, as it decreased the chances of our discovery, and made us once more hope high for a successful surprise. Nor were those sufferings light. Through that dreadful night nothing but the lofty patriotism of a freeman could have sustained them. Half-clothed—many without shoes—whole companies destitute of blankets, they yet pressed bravely on against the storm, though drenched to the skin, shivering at every blast, and too often marking their footsteps with blood. Old as I am now, the recollection is still vivid in my mind. God forbid that such sufferings should ever have to be endured again!

The dawn at last came, but the storm still raged. The trees were borne down with sleet, and the slush was ankle deep in the roads. The few fields we passed were covered with wet, spongy snow,—and the half buried houses looked bleak and desolate in the uncertain morning light. It has been my lot to witness few such forboding scenes. At this instant a shot was heard in front, and a messenger dashed furiously up to announce that the outposts of the British were being driven in.

"Forward—forward," cried Washington himself, galloping up to the head of the column, "push on, my brave fellows—ON."

The men started like hunters at the cry of the pack as their General's voice was seconded by a hasty fire from the riflemen in the van, and forgetting every thing but the foe, marched rapidly, with silent eagerness, toward the sound of the conflict. As they emerged from the wood the scene burst upon them.

The town lay but a short distance ahead, just discernible through the twilight, and seemingly buried in repose. The streets were wholly deserted, and as yet the alarm had not reached the main body of the enemy. A single horseman was seen however fleeting a moment through the mist—he was lost behind a clump of trees—and then re-appeared, dashing wildly down the main street of the village. I had no doubt he was a messenger from the outposts for a reinforcement; and if suffered

to rally once we knew all hope was gone. To the forces he had left we now therefore turned our attention.

The first charge of our gallant continentals had driven the outposts in like the shock of an avalanche. Just aroused from sleep, and taken completely by surprise, they did not at first pretend to make a stand, but retreated rapidly and in disorder, before our vanguard. A few moments, however, had sufficed to recall their reeling faculties, and perceiving the insignificant force opposed to them, they halted, hesitated, rallied, poured in a heavy fire, and even advanced cheering to the onset. But at this moment our main body emerged from the wood, and when my eye first fell upon the Hessian grenadiers, they were beginning again to stagger.

"On—on—push on, continentals of the —," shouted the officer in command.

The men with admirable discipline still forbore their shouts, and steadily pressed on against the now flying outposts. In another instant the Hessians were in full retreat upon the town.

"By heaven!" ejaculated an aid-de-camp at my side, as a rolling fire of musketry was all at once heard at the distance of a half a mile across the village, "there goes Sullivan's brigade—the day's our own."

"Charge that artillery with a detachment from the eastern regiment," shouted the General as the battery of the enemy was seen a little to our right.

The men levelled their bayonets, marched steadily up to the very mouths of the cannon, and before the artillerists could bring their pieces to bear, carried them with a cheer. Just then the surprised enemy was seen endeavouring to form in the main street ahead, and the rapidly increasing fire on the side of Sullivan, told that the day in that quarter, was fiercely maintained. A few moments of indecision would ruin all.

"Press on—press on there," shouted the Commander-in-chief, galloping to the front, and waving his sword aloft, "charge them before they can form—follow me."

The effect was electric. Gallant as had been their conduct before, our brave troops now seemed to be carried away with perfect enthusiasm. The men burst into a cheer at the sight of their Commander's daring, and dashing rapidly into the town, carried every thing before them like a hurricane. The half-formed Hessians opened a desultory fire, fell in before our impetuous attack, wavered, broke, and in two minutes were flying pell-mell through the town—while our troops, with admirable discipline, still maintaining their ranks, pressed steadily up the street, driving the foe before them. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards, before the banners of Sullivan's brigade were seen floating through the mist ahead—a cheer burst from our men—it was answered back from our approaching comrades, and perceiving themselves hemmed in on all sides, and that further retreat was impossible, the whole regiment we had routed laid down their arms. The instant victory was ours, and the foe had surrendered, every unmanly exultation disappeared from the countenances of our brave troops. The fortune of war had turned against their foes; it was not the part of brave men to add insult to misfortune.

We were on the point of dismounting when an aid-de-camp wheeled around the corner of the street ahead, and checking his foaming charger at the side of Washington, exclaimed breathlessly,

"A detachment has escaped—they are in full retreat on the Princeton road."

Quick as thought the Commander-in-chief flung himself into the saddle again, and looking hastily around the group of officers singled me out.

"Lieutenant Archer—you know the roads. Colonel—— will march his regiment around, and prevent the enemy's retreat. You will take them by the shortest route."

I bowed in acknowledgement to the saddle bow, and perceiving the Colonel was some distance ahead, went like an arrow down the street to join him. It was but the work of an instant to wheel the men into a neighbouring avenue, and before five minutes the muskets of the retiring foe could be seen through the intervening trees. I had chosen a cross-path which making, as it were, the longest side of a triangle, entered the Princeton road a short distance above the town, and would enable us to cut off completely the enemy's retreat. The struggle to attain the desired point where the two routes intersected was short, but fierce. We had already advanced half way before we were discovered, and though the enemy pressed on with the eagerness of despair, our gallant fellows were fired on their part with the enthusiasm of conscious victory. As we drew rapidly nearer to the intersection we were cheered by finding ourselves ahead—a bold, quick push enabled us to reach it some seconds before the foe—and rapidly facing about as we wheeled into the other road, we summoned the discomfited enemy to surrender. In half an hour I reported myself at head quarters as the aid-de-camp of Colonel ——, to announce our success.

The exultation of our countrymen on learning the victory of Trenton, no pen can picture. One universal shout of victory rolled from Massachusetts to Georgia—and we were hailed every where as the saviours of our country. The drooping spirits of the colonists were re-animated by the news; the hopes for a successful termination of the contest once more were aroused; and the enemy, paralyzed by the blow, retreated in disorder toward Princeton and New-Brunswick. Years have passed since then; but I shall never forget the BATTLE OF TRENTON.

[Atk. Casket.

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES—THE SNOW CLIFF.

There is a high and precipitous rock among the great hills of the West known to trappers as the *Snow Cliff*. Once in the spring time, when the snow had fled away before the sunbeam, and torrents were roaring down the mountain side, the bones of a white man were discovered upon the summit of this rock. A small pocket liquor flask was also found, in which a bit of leather, which seemed to have been the lining of a shoe, was discovered. Upon this leather was traced, seemingly with some sharp instrument, aided probably by wet powder, the following singular and at the time inexplicable memorandum:

"Better to freeze than burn—D—n them, I'll die like a man. It's a soft bed—I'll sleep in the snow till summer. Cold—Cold—Ice—Snow—It wont last long—I'll—good by—good-by!"



This strange memorandum was carefully retained in the possession of a trapper for nearly two years, when a story was accidentally unfolded which is supposed to be the history of the unfortunate man who perished in the snow. Three trappers, belonging to a large party then scattered about in search of beaver, had spent some of the summer months upon one stream, setting their traps in company, but the game growing scarce, they agreed to separate and search for other streams where they might pursue their avocations singly. High up the mountain side above them, most prominent among the surrounding rocks, appeared the snow cliff, and the trappers agreed when the summer should depart, and the first snow should be seen upon the cliff, that they would ascend and meet each other there, and from that high point, from whence they could scan the country all around, they would mark their course, and journey together to join the main party.

The three friends separated and one of them was never seen again. Fifteen months afterward two Americans met in a street in Santa Fe, and after a hesitating step, an incredulous stare, and a muttered exclamation of astonishment, they grasped each other's hands and laughed aloud with extravagant joy. These were two of the three companions; they had failed to meet according to appointment on the snow cliff, and after fifteen months of vicissitude and adventure, each believing the other dead, here they met and looked once more upon each other.

The story of the first trapper was as follows:—At the first appearance of snow upon the cliff he took up his traps and made his way to join his companions. He had not advanced far up the mountain side, when, as night was descending, the light of a camp fire appeared above him, and joyfully thinking he had encountered his companions, he rushed imprudently forward and found himself seized by a party of Black Feet Indians. He was instantly stripped of every thing he possessed, bound hand and foot, and retained a prisoner, exposed almost naked to the cold and subjected to the most disgusting cruelty and insult. The Indians remained upon the spot about ten or fifteen days, when they were finally driven away by a violent storm of snow, which threatened to cut off their retreat from the mountain if they remained longer. When the whole of the Black Feet met together they numbered some ninety or a hundred, and from the barbarity with which he himself was treated, the poor trapper concluded that his companions were murdered. The Indians, he had observed, while encamped, were constantly watching the summit of the snow cliff, and even when they departed they seemed extremely loth to leave the spot. Though he could not divine the precise cause of this conduct on the part of the Indians, he knew it must relate to his unfortunate companions, and when leaving the mountain he sighed as fervent a farewell to his friends as though he had seen them fall beneath the scalping knives of the savages. During the whole of the winter the poor trapper remained a prisoner and a slave among the Black Feet, when he finally contrived to escape, and after a month of solitary wandering, he fell in with a party of Spanish traders in sheep, and with them journeyed to Santa Fe.

The other trapper related his adventure thus:—When ascending to the cliff he became aware of the presence of the Indians in time to screen himself from observation, and by carefully reconnoitering the ground he discovered that the Indians were so disposed as to cut off completely his access to the summit above. From this he concluded

that his companions had been observed and were hemmed in and besieged. He hovered about the spot, keeping himself well concealed, until the snow came on and the Black Feet departed, when he sought to find his friends, but found the precipitous rock so loaded with snow that ascent was impossible; and this was probably the reason why the Indians had not mounted the cliff and secured their victim. Knowing that if his friends were there they could not have continued alive, he left the mountain and sought the main party at their winter rendezvous, fully believing that his friends had perished, either in the snow, or by the cruelty of the Indians.

Many months after, as stated, these men met in Santa Fe, and hailed each other as ghosts from the grave. Still the third friend was to be accounted for, and it soon happened that the finder of the bones and liquor flask fell into company with the two trappers, when the melancholy fate of their companion but too plainly appeared. He had perished in the snow, preferring to yield his life to the elements than to the fury of his savage hunters. That they sought his life was plain from the pertinacity with which they besieged his retreat, and as he was a man of valiant and daring spirit, it is probable that he had excited their revenge by killing one or more of the red devils who pursued him. And there he died upon the mountain top, smiling contempt upon his enemies beneath, while the chill of death crept slowly around his heart. "*Better to freeze than to burn,*" he wrote in his dying moments, showing that he anticipated being tortured with fire if he was caught, and manfully did he keep his resolution. He went to his long sleep couched on a mountain throne with the winding sheet of the winter around him. The tempest whistled him a glorious requiem, and the earth was never laid upon his breast for the rude foot of the stranger to trample on. Upon the mountain he lay down to rest, and his noble spirit near to his native heaven parted from its tenement of clay.

[Picayune.]

#### JEWISH MARRIAGE AT WHITCHURCH, (ENG.)

On Sunday last, a circumstance, as novel as pleasing, took place at Whitchurch. For the second time, the interesting ceremony of an Israelitish wedding was there performed. Every lover of scriptural antiquities must venerate the ancient customs of the patriarchs of old. These customs have been preserved by the Jews to this day, as confirmed by the lawgiver of Moses. Through all the vicissitudes and persecutions of their nation, it is almost miraculous that they should so carefully have adhered to the customs of their fathers without the slightest deviation; yet such is the fact. None amongst nations have been so strictly zealous as the Jews of their ancient ceremonies, to remain in fact a "peculiar people." The marriage of the Jews in itself has so much scriptural interest from the circumstance of its being performed precisely as it was some three thousand or more years since, that a correspondent who was an eye-witness on Sunday, has favored us with this account of it.

On entering the room was seen Rabbi L. Chapman, priest of the Jews, from Birmingham, occupied in writing the marriage contract upon a parchment. The Rabbi having concluded the contract, handed it to others to read, and then to the bridegroom, who, after apparently well considering the contents, which were written in the Hebrew language, signed the same, as also did two witnesses. This being duly executed, the bridegroom was conducted from the room again, the bride being all this time invisible. A canopy was then erected, being supported by four persons of the Jewish faith, and solemn strains of music announced the approach of the bridegroom. The reverend officiate having placed himself beneath the canopy, the bridegroom was introduced, supported on both sides by two male friends.

Again the sound of music proclaimed the approach of the bride, who was similarly supported, but by two ladies. The bridal dress was strictly scriptural; the maiden was attired in pure white, covered with a veil, as in Genesis 24, 65. The music having ceased, the bride, still supported as before, was thrice led round her future husband. We believe this emanates from the marriage of Jacob and Leah, Jacob having his bride veiled married Leah instead of Rachael, Genesis 29, 26. For this reason the bridegroom has an opportunity of ascertaining from the gait or figure of his intended wife, as he has no opportunity of reading her countenance through the folds of her veil. Having thus circled round him, she was placed on the right side of her future lord.

The priest proceeded then to pronounce a blessing upon all present, holding at the time a glass of wine in his hand, which, after the conclusion of prayer, was handed by a friend to the happy couple, in token of peace with all the world; they, having sipped the same, modestly returned it. The reverend and venerable Rabbi then proceeded to read aloud the document before described, and then a second glass was filled, and a prayer offered up for the future grace of the new couple, and the second glass was tasted by both the young people, in token of consent to each other. Then followed a solemn silence—a moment of suspense—the ring was to be placed on the bride's finger. The fair hand was extended (as we thought) rather willingly, and the ring being handed to the Rabbi, he first exhibited it to the others, and then examined it himself. He then gave it to the bridegroom, who placed it upon the fore finger of the right hand of his bride, pronouncing the talismanic words, "Hahad Makadasith Leh, Betuhbath Zu Kadth Mosha Veh, Yesrael." (Anglice—Thus I wed thee according to the laws of Israel as by Moses commanded,) left the ring on the hand of the bride. A glass was placed upon the ground, and in a moment—crash—the brittle vessel was shattered in a thousand pieces by the right foot of the bridegroom, as a token of the uncertainty of life, and that all our joys may be shattered in a moment.

The sudden change of this solemnity to joy was electric; no sooner was the glass in the dust than the music struck up in lively note, the place resounded with the words: "MOZEL TOUR"—(joy! joy!) echo upon echo seemed to sound in our ears, congratulations were heart-felt; truly exhilarating was the scene. The veil of the bride was in a moment respectfully moved and she stood before us with eyes streaming, thankful yet happy and fearful, yet smiling on the happy husband. A look—a prayer—they were married—all the ceremony was over.

[*Salopian Journal.*]



## AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

**Rye in Woodland.**—Mr. F. M'Gavock, five miles from Nashville, has an excellent pasture from sowing rye in the thick woods last autumn before the falling of the leaves. If we are not mistaken, the grain was put on the surface without ploughing, harrowing, or any other manual operation. The leaves covered it and protected the roots during the frost of the winter; but on the approach of spring it put forth with great luxuriance, and is in every respect one of the best pastures of the country. An advantage not generally thought of in woodland rye, is that if a small portion of it is suffered to mature, nature's laws will effect the second sowing, and by pursuing this plan attentively, a perpetual and permanent pasture may be obtained. To sow rye in land not otherwise employed, is to our minds the cheapest and best pasture that we have heard of any where.

We think this one idea is worth more than ten years subscription for the *Agriculturist*, to any one who will try it.—*Agriculturist*.

**Orange Globe Mangel Wurtzel** advertised in London, is said to be superior to any other root for fattening cattle. The size, weight and richness of the bulb excels all other varieties.

**To prevent Milk from turning Sour.**—To each quart of milk, add fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda; this addition will not affect the taste of the milk, and it promotes digestion.

**Caking of the Bag or Udder in Cows.**—In newly calved cows, the udder sometimes hardens or cakes as it is called, and a remedy should be applied without delay. One of my cows in this condition, was lately treated with *soft soap*, externally applied in the evening, and the next morning she was well. I have heard no complaint of her since.—*Gen. Far.*

**To preserve Fence Posts, &c.**—It is often the case where lime is used for plastering and other purposes, the siftings and refuse are thrown away as useless. But it is better economy to put it around fence and gate posts, as it will greatly preserve them from decay. Leached ashes are very good for the same purpose. If slacked lime or leached ashes were sprinkled over the wooden pavements in our cities when first put down, it would render them much more durable than when sand or gravel alone is used.—*Gen. Farmer.*

**Silk.**—The New-York Star mentions, as a proof of the attention which the culture of Silk will probably receive in that State, that one person in the city of New-York has sold in small parcels, to farmers and others, five hundred ounces of silk worm eggs within the last sixty days. It is calculated that no less than thirty-five hundred ounces of eggs have been sold in that city during the present season.

**Rolling Seeds.**—The rolling or pressing down of seed-beds after sowing is too often neglected, although very necessary in some cases. Most seeds are very small things, and when sown on a loose soil it frequently happens that many of them are not in close enough contact with the earth, to be kept moist and excluded from the light; consequently, they will not vegetate freely, if at all, and the young plants, if any, easily dry up and perish.

Mr. James Gowen of Philadelphia has a cow which yielded during the first seven days of the present month, 235½ quarts of milk—being an average of 33½ quarts a day.

**Chinch Bug.**—In a conversation we had a day or two since with a distinguished agriculturist of this neighborhood, we learn that he has been using, with great success, salt mixed with manure; and that, while his neighbors' fields were much injured by the bug, his entirely escaped. If this simple and cheap article should be found on trial to answer the purpose, we have reason to be thankful that the remedy is within reach of every farmer.  
*North Carolinian.*

**To prevent Hens from Scratching.**—According to the Boston Cultivator, a farmer in Framingham says he can prevent the scratching of hens in his garden, and has often done it, by simply tying together two of the toes of one foot. Each foot has three toes, and the two outside ones of one foot are taken up and tied together over the middle one—thus the hen cannot scratch with the tied foot when she stands on the free one, and she cannot stand on the tied one alone and scratch with the other.

**Tulips.**—Mr. Groom, her Majesty's florist at Walworth, has recently commenced exhibiting his annual display of tulips, of which the present season offers a collection of ten thousand different specimens. Amongst these are two valuable sorts hitherto unknown, and which Mr. Groom, who produced them, names "Prince Albert" and "Nourri Effendi." The value of each of these sorts is one hundred guineas. The present fine weather has materially contributed to render the exhibition superlatively attractive. The *cognoscenti* in tulips will here find enough to gratify the most fastidious curiosity, while the uninitiated spectator will be both surprised and dazzled with the immense assemblage of gaudy forms in every variety of beautiful color.

It is known to every farmer, that hogs, when fattening in a close pen, are liable to lose their appetite, become sick and die. There are several preventives for this evil—as occasionally mixing a little sulphur with their food, giving them charcoal, rotten wood; or permitting them to root in a small yard appended to the pen. Some of these precautions are necessary.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**Tunnel through the Alps.**—Volta, a celebrated engineer of Como, is negotiating with the Swiss Cantons for an exclusive privilege of tunneling the Grison Alps, and thus making a commercial rail-road to the Zurich lake, calculating thirty years for the enterprise, without saying a word about the cost. If such a project had been practicable, it would have been undertaken before this time by some of our brethren from down east. They have already offered to cut the canal through the Isthmus of Darien, and have proposed to drag the Tiber with steam mud-scoops to find out vessels of gold and silver tumbled into that sluggish stream by Nero, Caligula, Heliogabalus, and other emperors of equal note. Talking of the enterprise of our countrymen, we last week strolled into the Zoological Institute, to see a remarkably ferocious black tiger. "Where is Titus?" said we to one of the attendants. "He is gone, sir, to the cataracts," said he, with a nasal twang that sounded like Stonington. "Cold time this to go to the falls of Niagara." "On, not to the falls, sir; to the cataracts of the Nile, one thousand five hundred miles above Cairo in Egypt." "Pray what carried him there, sir?" "Why, he went to see a two-horned rhinoceros and a giraffe, to buy for our collection here. I've been there too sir. My brother keeps a tavern half-ways between Cairo and the Red Sea; does quite well with travellers going to see the ruins of Thebes and Memphis and Mount Siny." "Prodigious! A Yankee tavern-keeper on the sandy road to Thebes and Memphis, selling whiskey and mummies at the same time." "Yes sir," said the guide. "Do you see that ere lyon with big eyes, and that ere pair of tygers lying on each other?" "I do." "Well, I cotched them myself in the mountains at the Cape of Good Hope." Such men only can tunnel the Alps. Volta never can succeed. *N. Y. Mirror.*

**A Floating Market.**—One of the most striking singularities at Bruui is the floating market, composed of a multitude of canoes, which ply along the line of buildings and from one side of the river to the other. In most places the buyer must go the market, but here the market comes to the buyer, and he realizes all the advantages of choice and competition without stirring a step from his door. The medium of exchange is usually large pieces of bar iron, without any stamp or superscription upon them, every man being at liberty to have a mint under his own roof.

**The Water of the Dead Sea.**—To my very agreeable surprise, I found the shore fine, smooth, gravelly, and deepening very slowly, so that a person might wade in for some distance. There was along the shore, driftwood, most of it small, but still larger than any I had seen on the Jordan. This would seem to indicate that somewhere on the shores, there is more timber than we found in the spot we visited. The water was not only very salt, but

it was likewise exceedingly bitter—as much as most travellers have stated. The great density of the water was amply proved by its power to bear up the body. There is some truth in the saying, that it requires an effort to keep the feet and legs under, so as to use them with advantage in swimming. I could lie on my back in the water, with my head, hands and feet all out at the same time, and remain thus as long as I pleased, without making any motion whatever. This I could not do in any other water that I have been in. Still it is carrying the matter too far and beyond the truth, when it is said to be so heavy or so dead, that it never rises in waves, let the wind blow as it will.

### *Letters on Palestine.*

**The World's End.**—During the last two or three centuries, upwards of thirteen fixed stars have disappeared. One of them, situated in the Northern Hemisphere, presented a peculiar brilliancy, and was so bright as to be seen by the naked eye at mid-day. It seemed to be on fire, appearing first of a dazzling white, then of a reddish yellow, and lastly, of an ashy pale color. La Place supposes that it was burned up as it has never been seen since. The conflagration was visible about sixteen months. How dreadful! A whole system on fire, the great central luminary and its planets, with their plains, mountains, forests, villages, cities and inhabitants, all in flames, consumed and gone forever. Here we have a presumptive proof of the truth, and a solemn illustration of a singular passage in a very old book—"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the world also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

**Spanish Philosophy.**—The day after my arrival at Vittoria, I went to a shoemaker's to get some repairs done to my boots. There was nobody in the shop; the master was on the opposite side of the street, smoking his cigarito. His shoulders covered with a mantle full of holes, he looked like a beggar, but a Spanish beggar, appearing rather proud than ashamed of his poverty. He came over to me, and I explained my business. "Wait a moment," said he, and immediately called his wife. "How much money is there in the purse?" Twelve *picettas* (fourteen francs, forty centimes.) "Then I shan't work." "But," said I, "twelve *picettas* will not last forever." "Quien ha visto magnana—Who has seen to-morrow?" said he, turning his back on me.

### *Lights and Shadows of Military Life.*

**New-York Police.**—Justin Matthews was ordered to pay two dollars for being drunk.

"Is that the law?" asked Justin.

"It is," replied his worship.

"Then," remarked Justin, "I don't wonder why you grant so many tavern licenses."

*Southern Christian Advocate.*

**Love's Telegraph.**—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he be engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and, on the fourth, if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a hoop or diamond on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower, or trinkets, to a lady with the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus, by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

**Anecdote.**—It is doubtless recollected, that Dean Swift, though a great favorite among the ladies, was (no doubt for good and substantial reasons) nevertheless a bachelor. His opinion of the married state seemed to be not much exalted. On one occasion he had been called upon to marry a couple, and after getting them properly arranged, commenced as follows: "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery," &c. "My dear sir," interrupted the bridegroom, "you are reading the burial service, instead of the matrimonial." "Never mind, friend," whispered the Dean, "you had better be buried than married!"

**Reverse of Fortune.**—The following statement should teach us a salutary lesson. The changes of a day are indeed wonderful:

A subscription has been opened at Paris for the benefit of Richard Leoir, once, it is stated, the first manufacturer in France, now an old man of 74, ill and destitute. He once possessed forty manufactories in different parts of France, employed 10,648 workmen. "My property," he says in his memoirs, the first volume of which has been lately published, "was on the 22d of April, 1814, about eight million of francs (or nearly 320,000*l.*) On the 24th I was a ruined man." The only cause of this reverse, he states to have been the sudden suppression of the duties on cotton by an ordinance of that date made by the Count d'Artois, since Charles X. then Lieut. General.

*London Mech. Mag.*

**Singular Prayer.**—The following story the late Sir W. Scott used to repeat with great punction, but he has omitted it in his amusing journal of the voyage he took amongst the Northern Islands of Scotland, in the lighthouse yacht. It appears that the island of Sanda is one of the worst situated for navigation, and best for wreckers, of any among the Orkneys; and the story goes that a worthy minister of that dangerous isle, "Whose barren beach with frequent rocks is strewed,"

sympathized so deeply with the interests of his flock, that in winding up his prayer for mercy and safety to all mankind, he added— "Nevertheless, if it please thee to cause hapless ships to be cast on the shore, oh, dinna forget the puir inland of Sanda!"

The prevalent mania in Paris at present, is the fashion of ladies having walking sticks. They are exceedingly beautiful—some of ivory, some of ebony, some of Indian cane—being almost covered with arabesques of gold. The tops are of gold, richly carved—sometimes jewelled.

A Woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow.

A pleasant cheerful Wife is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture lost spirits.

The condition of society in Portugal, particularly in the large city of Lisbon, must be dreadful indeed. From an official return published in the *Diario*, it appears that during the months of April, May and June of 1836, 2778 crimes were known to have been committed in Lisbon, of which 333 were assassinations. During the three following months there were 170 assassinations.

**Vastness of London.**—There is a certain hostelry, inn, pot-house, tavern or hotel—for we are not certain which is its proper designation—about a mile beyond Westminster-bridge, called the Elephant and Castle, at which 1500 coaches and other vehicles pull up every day. There is one brewery in London to which a rise or fall in the price of beer of one halfpenny a pot, makes a difference of 40,000*l.* a year.

**Singular Circumstance.**—The Paisley Advertiser states, that Mr. John Smith, near Lownsdale, has been visited daily since the month of June by a robin. It has now grown so familiar with the family, that when any stranger enters the house, a tap at the window brings it in, and it perches on his hand and picks at his fingers with great familiarity. When Mr. Smith goes out to the garden, though accompanied by strangers, the robin will if called upon, descend from the top of one of the trees, and alight on his hand. He remains out of doors all day, and often visits the beautiful policies of Lownsdale, but when evening approaches, he finds his way homewards to Puddockstone, enters the house by a small aperture that has been made in one of the windows, and after partaking of supper, sings his 'wood notes wild' until the family retire to rest.

The Rev. Sydney Smith has shown, by a long catalogue of names, that nearly all the most celebrated men of literature, science, arts and arms, were never at the universities.

The loss of property by the tornado at Natchez, is estimated at five millions.